

A
S E L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S
F O R
S O C I A L W O R S H I P :

MORE PARTICULARLY DESIGNED
FOR THE
C O N G R E G A T I O N
A T
S T R E A T H A M M E E T I N G ,
I n S U R R E Y .

By JOHN OVINGTON.

*The Redeemed of the LORD shall return, and
come with Singing unto Zion, and everlasting Joy
shall be upon their Head: They shall obtain Glad-
ness and Joy, and Sorrow and Mourning shall flee
away.*

ISAIAH li. 11.

C R O Y D O N :

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AN

INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

BY me, O my Saviour, stand
In ev'ry trying hour;
Guard me with thy out-stretch'd hand,
And hold me by thy pow'r;
Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
And never let me go.

2 Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With speedy care depart:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show;
Keep me, keep me, &c.

3 Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray:
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, &c.

4 Never let me go, till I,
Up-borne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my Seat above:
Thou hast past thy gracious word,
That Thou wilt bring me safely through;
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord,
Nor ever let me go. 8 OC 63

N.

A

S E L E C T I O N

OF

H Y M N S.

Past Experience Review'd. A Penitential Hymn.

WHEN, with a Mind devoutly press'd,
 Dear SAVIOUR ! my revolving Breast
 Would past Offences trace ;
 Trembling I make the black Review,
 Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
 The Power of changing Grace!

2 This Tongue with Blasphemies defil'd,
 These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
 In heavenly League agree:
 Who would believe such Lips could Praise?
 Or think my dark and winding ways,
 Should ever lead to Thee?

3 These Ears, that pleas'd could entertain
 The midnight Oaths, and revel Strain
 Met round the festal Board!
 Now deaf to Mirth's unruly Noise,
 Avoid the Band, detest their Joys,
 And press to hear thy Word.

A

4 These Eyes, that once abus'd their Sight,
Now list to thee their wat'ry Light
And weep a silent Flood;
These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r;
O! wash away the Stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood!

5 Thus be thou serv'd in ev'ry Part;
Ah!—wouldst thou quite transform my Heart,
That drossy Clod refine!
That Grace might Nature's Strength control,
And a new Creature—Body—Soul—
Be all—be ever—Thine.

H Y M N II.

Pleading for Power to resist Sin, and to be constantly devoted to Christ.

1 JESUS! my bleeding God!
Shall I prefer a Lust to Thee,
Whose Love, to basest me,
Bought me from Ruin with thy Blood?

2 Shall a vile Bosom-Sin,
Lead me in filken Chains to Hell;
And rudely Thee repel,
Who bled my worthless Love to win?

3 Be gone, ungrateful Thought!
That would deprive him of my Heart;
Or grudge the smallest Part,
Of what his Life so dearly bought!

4 Thy Sweat, thy dying Groan,
Thy mingled Limbs and spear-pierc'd Side,
To hardest Breasts apply'd,
Will melt, or break the stubborn Stone.

5 Claim a lost Sheep, thy Care!
 By a rich Ransom-Price thy own:
 Make my poor Heart thy Throne,
 And fix a standing Presence there.

H Y M N III.

*Meditation on Calvary, and the Sympathy of
 Mary.*

O MY LORD! I've often mused
 On thy wond'rous Love to me,
 How I have the same abused,
 Slighted, disregarded Thee!
 To thy Church and Thee a Stranger,
 Pleas'd with what displeas'd Thee:
 Lost, yet could perceive no Danger;
 Wounded, yet no Wound could see.

But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me,
 Still thy Calls repeated came;
 Till on Calvary's Mount I view'd thee,
 Bearing my Reproach and Blame:
 Then o'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow
 Whilst I view each pierced Limb,
 Tears bedew the Scourge's Furrow,
 Mingling with the purple Stream.

no more at Mary wonder
 Dropping Tears upon his Grave;
 Earnest asking all around her,
 Where is He who dy'd to save?
 Dying Love her Heart attracted;
 Soon she felt his rising Pow'r:
 He, who Mary thus affected,
 Bids his Mourners weep no more.

HYMN

H Y M N IV.

Praying for Watchfulness, and all Christian Graces

- 1 **A** Thousand Foes prepare to war
Against a feeble Saint;
JESUS, in my Behalf appear,
And cheer me, lest I faint.
- 2 Give me a Heart divorc'd from Sin,
Shut out from worldly Care;
Constant, sincere, and fervent in
The Exercise of Pray'r;
- 3 Watchful in ev'ry Work and Word,
Ready to speak thy Praise;
Arm'd with thy SPIRIT's two-edg'd Sword,
And cloath'd with ev'ry Grace:
- 4 Fill'd with a Godly, filial Fear,
A constant jealous Care;
Lest I from the right Path should err,
Or fall into a Snare:
- 5 To ev'ry earthly Object dead,
Alive to Things above;
Conform'd unto my Living HEAD,
And fill'd with ardent Love.

H Y M N V.

A Song of Exultation in the Name of Jesus

- 1 **L**ET Earth and Heav'n agree
Angels and Men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The SAVIOUR of Mankind!
'Tadore the great atoning LAMB,
And bless the Sound of JESU's Name.

2 JESUS ! transporting Sound !
 The Joys of Earth and Heav'n :
 No other Help is found,
 No other Name is giv'n
 By which we can Salvation have,
 But JESUS came the World to save.

3 JESUS ! harmonious Name !
 It charms the Hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his Love :
 'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,
 'Tis Heav'n to see our JESU'S Face.

4 His Name the Sinner hears,
 And is from Guilt set free :
 'Tis Music in his Ears,
 'Tis Life and Victory ;
 New Songs do now his Lips employ,
 And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

H Y M N VI.

A Call to the Lukewarm and Careless.

LUKEWARM Souls, the Foe grows stronger,
 See what Hosts your Camp surround,
 Arm to Battle ; lag no longer.

Hark ! the Silver Trumpet sounds
 Wake, ye Sleepers ; wake ! What mean you ?
 Sin besets you round about,
 Up and search — The World's within you :
 Slay, or chase the Traitor out.

What enchants you ; Pelf, or Pleasure ?
 Pluck right Eyes ; with right Hands part !
 Ask your Conscience, where's your Treasure ?
 For, be certain, there's your Heart.

Give

Give the fawning Foe no Credit.
 Lo! the bloody Flag's unfurl'd.
 That Base Heart (the Word* has said it)
 Love not God, that loves the World.

- 3 God and Mammon? Oh! be wiser!
 Serve them both? It cannot be.
 Ease in Warfare, Saint and Miser,
 These will never well agree.
 Shun the Shame of foully falling
 Cumber'd Captives, clogg'd with Clay,
 Prove your Faith. Make sure your Calling.
 Wield the Sword; and win the Day.

H Y M N VII.

The Saviour's Righteousness, the Saint's Security and Triumph.

- 1 **A** Debtor to Mercy alone,
 Of Covenant-Mercy I sing;
 Nor fear with this Righteousness on
 My Person and Off'ring to bring.
 The Terrors of Law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My SAVIOUR's Obedience and Blood
 Hide all my Transgressions from View.
- 2 The Work which his Goodness began,
 The Arm of his Strength will complete;
 His Promise is *Yea* and *Amen*
 And never was forfeited yet.
 Things future, nor things that are now
 Nor all things below nor above
 Can make Him his Purpose forego,
 Or sever my Soul from his Love.
- 3 My Name from the Palms of his Hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Imprest on his Heart it remains
 In Marks of indelible Grace.
- Yes,
- * Matt. vi. 14.

Yes, I to the End will endure,
 As sure as the Earnest is given ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd Spirits in Heaven:

H Y M N V I I I .

*Saints encouraged under Darkneſs to wait patiently
 for Light and Salvation.*

GOD moves in a myſterious Way
 His Wonders to perform ;
 He plants his Footſteps on the Sea
 And rides upon the Storm !

In deep unfathomable Mines
 Of never-failing Skill
 He treaſures up his bright Deſigns
 And works his Sov'reign Will.

Ye fearful Saints, freſh Courage take,
 The Clouds you ſo much dread
 Are big with Mercy, and will break
 With Bleſſings on your Head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble Senſe,
 But truſt Him for his Grace :
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a ſmiling Face.

His Purpoſes will ripen faſt,
 Unfolding ev'ry Hour ;
 The Bud may have a bitter Taſte,
 But Sweet will be the Flow'r.

Blind Unbelief is ſure to err
 And ſcan his Work in vain ;
 God is his own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

HYMN

H Y M N IX.

Desiring to be always Prepar'd for Eternity.

1 **O**H! when my Righteous JUDGE shall come,
 To fetch his ransom'd People Home,
 Shall I among them stand!
 Shall such a worthless Worm as I,
 So Sinful and unfit to die,
 Be found at thy Right Hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before JEHOVAH's Feet to bow,
 Tho' viler than them all:
 But who can bear the piercing Thought?
 What if my Name should be left out
 When He for them shall call!

3 Dear LORD, prevent it by thy Grace,
 Oh! let me see thy smiling Face
 In this thy gracious Day:
 Thy pard'ning Voice Oh! let me hear
 To still my unbelieving Fear
 Nor let me fall away!

4 Among thy Saints let me be found
 When'er th' Archangel's Trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling Face:
 Then loudest of the Crowd I'll sing,
 Till Heav'n's resounding Mansions ring
 The Riches of thy Grace.

H Y M N X.

On our Lord's Nativity.

1 **J**OIN all ye joyful Nations
 Th' acclaiming Hosts of Heaven,
 This happy Morn a Child is born,
 To us a SON is giv'n.

The wonderful MESSIAS,
The Joy of ev'ry Nation,
JESUS his Name, with God the same
The LORD of all Creation :

Go see the KING of Glory,
Discern the Heavenly Stranger,
poor and mean, his Court an Inn,
His Cradle is a Manger.

Whom all the Angels worship,
Lies hid in human Nature ;
incarnate see, the DEITY,
The Infinite CREATOR.

Gaze on the lovely Object
Of endless Adoration !
Those infant Hands shall burst our Bands,
And work out our Salvation :

Strangle the crooked Serpent,
Destroy his Works for ever,
and open set the Heavenly Gate
To every true Believer.

H Y M N XI.

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

HE dies ! the FRIEND of Sinners dies !
Lo Salem's Daughters weep around !
A solemn Darknefs veils the Skies !
A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground !
Come Saints and drop a Tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your Load !
He shed a thousand Drops for you,
A thousand Drops of richer Blood !

Here's

2 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
 The LORD of Glory dies for Men!
 But lo! what sudden Joys we see!
 JESUS the Dead revives again!
 The rising GOD forsakes the Tomb!
 (The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise!)
 Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
 And shout him welcome to the Skies!

3 Break off your Tears, ye Saints! and tell
 How high our Great Deliv'rer reigns!
 Sing how he spoil'd the Host of Hell,
 And led the Monster Death in Chains;
 Say "Live for ever, Wond'rous KING!
 "Born to redeem! and strong to save!
 Then ask the Monster—"where's thy Sting?"
 "And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave!"

H Y M N XII.

The Ascension of Christ.

1 OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
 Our JESUS is gone up on high;
 The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

2 There his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
*Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
 Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!*

3 Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
 And wide unfold th' Etherial Scene;
 He claims these Mansions as his Right,
 Receive the KING of Glory in!

4 Who is the KING of Glory, who?
 The LORD, that all his Foes o'ercame;
 The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew
 And JESUS is the Conqu'rer's Name

o! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay :
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!

Who is the KING of Glory, who ?
The LORD of glorious Pow'r possrest ;
The King of Saints and Angels too,
God over all, for ever blest ?

H Y M N XIII.

Resurrection and Ascension of CHRIST.

1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away ;
Den of death, resign thy prey ;
See the Saviour quit the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah.

2 Shout, ye seraphs ; *Gabriel*, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the world's remotest bounds
Echo to the blissful sounds.
Hal.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
See the Conqu'ror scale the skies :
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God :
Hal.

4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide ;
Matchless hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
Hal.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and Strike your golden lyres ;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.
Hal.

6 Ev'ry note to rapture swell ;
Sing the pow'rs of death and hell
Drag'd in chains behind his wheels,
Each the wreck eternal feel.

7 Truth, and righteousness, and love,
Sister-cherubs from above,
Now shall visit earth again,
Now in golden ages reign

8 Let IMMANUEL be ador'd,
Saviour Mediator, Lord ;
To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' immortal praise resound.

Hallelujah

H Y M N XIV.

The Fountain of Salvation.

1 **T**HERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's Veins ;
And Sinners plung'd beneath that Flood,
Lose all their guilty Stains.

2 The dying Thief rejoic'd to see
That Fountain, in his Day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my Sins away.

3 Dear dying LAMB, thy precious Blood,
Shall never lose its Power,
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by Faith I saw the Stream,
Thy flowing Wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my Theme,
And shall be 'till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter Song,
 I'll sing thy Pow'r to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering Tongue
 Lies silent in the Grave.

H LORD, I believe Thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a Blood-bought, free Reward,
 A golden Harp for me.

H 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless Years,
 And form'd by Pow'r divine,
 So sound, in GOD the FATHER'S EAR,
 No other Name but Thine.

H Y M N XV.

For the Morning.

JESUS, by whose grace I live
 From the fear of Evil kept,
 Thou hast lengthen'd my Reprieve,
 Held in Being while I slept;
 With the Day my Heart renew;
 Let me wake thy Will to do,

Since the last revolving Dawn
 Scatter'd the nocturnal Cloud,
 O how many Souls have gone,
 Unprepar'd, to meet their God!
 Yet thou dost prolong my Breath,
 Hast not seal'd my Eyes in Death.

O that I may keep thy Word,
 Taught by thee to Watch and Pray,
 To thy Service, dearest Lord,
 Sanctify th' ensuing Day;
 Swift it's fleeting Moments haste;
 Doom'd, perhaps, to be my last,

- 4 Crucify'd to all below,
 Earth shall never be my Care;
 Wealth and Honour I forego;
 This my only Wish and Care
 Thine in Life and Death to be
 Now, and to Eternity.

H Y M N XVI.

For the Evening.

- 1 **G**OD of Love, whose Truth and Grace
 Reach unbounded as the Skies,
 Hear thy Creature's feeble Praise,
 Let my Ev'ning Sacrifice
 Mount as Incense to thy throne,
 On the Merits of thy Son.
- 2 Me thy Providence has led
 Through another busy Day;
 Over me thy Wings were spread,
 Chasing Sin and Death away;
 Thou hast been my faithful Shield,
 Thou my Footsteps hast upheld.
- 3 Tho' the sable Veil of Night
 Hides the cheering Face of Heav'n,
 Let me triumph in the Sight
 Of my Guilt in thee forgiv'n,
 In my Heart the Witness feel,
 See the great Invisible.
- 4 I will lay me down to sleep,
 Sweetly take my Rest in thee,
 Ev'ry Moment brought a Step
 Nearer to Eternity;
 I shall soon from Earth ascend,
 Quickly reach my Journey's End.

All my Sins imputed were
 To my dear incarnate God ;
 Bury'd in his Grave they are,
 Drown'd in his atoning Blood :
 Me thou can'st not now condemn,
 Righteous and compleat in Him.
 In the Saviour's Right I claim
 All the Blessings he hath bought ;
 For my Soul the dying Lamb
 Hath a full Redemption wrought :
 Heav'n, through his Desert, is mine ;
 I am CHRIST's, and CHRIST is thine !

H Y M N XVII.

Rev. vii. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

I Saw, and Lo ! a countless Throng,
 Th' elect of ev'ry Nation, Name and Tongue,
 Assembled round the Lamb's celestial Throne,
 With Robes of White endu'd,
 (The Righteousness of God)
 While each a Palm sustain'd
 In his victorious Hand ;
 And thus the bright melodious Choir begun,
 " Salvation to thy Name,
 " Eternal God and Coeternal Lamb,
 " In Pow'r, in Essence, and in Glory One :

So sung the Saints ; th' angelic Train
 Second their Praises with a loud Amen,
 And prostrate fall, with Glory overpower'd,
 (They in the outer Circle stood,
 The Saints were nearest God)
 And veil'd their Faces with their Wings,
 And thus address the King of Kings :
 " All hail, by thy triumphant Church ador'd !
 " Blessing, and thanks, and Honour too
 " Are thy Supreme, thy everlasting Due,
 " Our triune Monarch, our eternal Lord !

- 3 While I beheld th' amazing fight,
 An Elder pointed to the Saints in White,
 And told me who they were and whence they came:
 These are they whose Lot below
 Was Persecution, Pain and Woe;
 These are the Faithful, purchas'd Flock,
 Who ne'er their LORD forsook,
 Through his imputed Merit free from Blame:
 Redeem'd from ev'ry Sin;
 And, as thou seest, whose Garments were made
 clean,
 Wash'd in the Blood of yon exalted Lamb.
- 4 Sav'd by his Righteousness alone,
 They stand with Joy before JEHOVAH's Throne,
 And in th' ethereal Temple chaunt his Praise;
 Himself among them deigns to dwell,
 And Face to Face his Light reveal;
 Hunger and Thirst, as heretofore,
 And Pain and Heat they know no more,
 Nor need, as once, the Sun's prolific Rays:
 IMMANUEL shall his People feed,
 And to Eternal, living Fountains lead;
 And GOD shall wipe away the Tears from ev'ry
 Face:

H Y M N XVIII.

CHRIST's little Flock comforted with the Views
 of a Kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 YE little Flock, whom JESUS feeds,
 Dismiss your anxious Cares;
 Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,
 And smile away your Fears.
- 2 Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,
 His Staff is your Defence:
 Midst Sands and Rocks your Shepherd's Voice
 Calls Streams and Pastures thence.

Your

Your Father will a Kingdom give,
And give it with Delight;
His feeblest Child his Love shall call
To triumph in his Sight.

Ten thousand Praises, LORD, we bring
For sure Supports like these:
And o'er the pious Dead we sing
Thy living Promises.

For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a SAVIOUR's Name;
Nor shall that Stroke disturb the Song
Which breaks this mortal Frame.

H Y M N XIX.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming Sound,
Harmonious to my Ear;
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,
And all the Earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a Way
To save rebellious Man,
And all the Steps that Grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous Plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road,
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the Work shall crown
Thro' everlasting Days;
It lays in Heaven the topmost Stone,
And well deserves the Praise.

HYMN

H Y M N XX.

P S A L M li. 10.

- 1 **O** For an Heart to praise my God!
 An Heart from Guilt set free,
 An Heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's Throne,
 Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
 Where JESUS reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither Life nor Death, can part
 From Him that dwells within.
- 4 An Heart in every thought renew'd
 And fill'd with Love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, LORD, of Thine:
- 5 Thy tender Heart is still the same,
 And melts at human Woe:
 Jesus, for thee, distressed I am,
 I want thy Love to know.
- 6 Thy Nature, gracious LORD, impart,
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
 Thy new, best Name of Love

H Y M N XXI.

Is. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

- 1 **J**ESUS my all, to Heav'n is gone,
 Him whom I fix my Hope upon;
 His Track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow Way, 'till Him I view.

2 The

- 2 The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's High-way of Holiness,
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.
- 3 No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin,
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls; and I am one:
Way-faring Men to *Canaan* bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.
- 5 This is the Way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.
- 6 The more I strove against it's Pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
"Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."
- 7 Lo! glad I come: and Thou, blest'd LAMB!
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.
- 8 Then will I tell to Sinners round;
What a dear SAVIOUR I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say "Behold the Way to Gop."

HYMN

H Y M N XXII.

Offices of CHRIST.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Power,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
Our Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle Terms ;
What condescending Ways,
Doth our REDEEMER use
To teach his heav'nly Grace !
My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder, see
What forms of Love
He bears for thee !
- 3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongue would bless thy Name ;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came :
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.
- 4 **J**ESUS, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside :
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou

5 Thou dear Almighty Lord,
 Our Conqu'ror and our King,
 Thy Sceptre and thy Sword,
 Thy reigning Grace we sing.
 Thine is the Pow'r;
 O may we fit,
 In willing Bonds
 Beneath thy Feet!

H Y M N XXIII.

Ezekiel xi. 19. xxxvi. 26.

1 **A**lmighty God of Truth and Love,
 In me thy Pow'r exert,
 The Mountain from my Soul remove,
 The hardness of mine Heart:
 My most obdurate Heart subdue,
 In Honour to thy Son,
 And now the gracious Wonder shew,
 And take away the Stone.

2 I want a Principle within
 Of jealous, godly Fear;
 A Sensibility of Sin,
 A Pain to feel it near:
 I want the first Approach to feel
 Of Pride, or vain Desire,
 To catch the Wand'ring of my Will,
 And quench the kindling Fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy Goodness grieve!
 The filial Awe, the fleshly Heart,
 The tender Conscience give:
 Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
 O God! my Conscience make,
 Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake!

HYMN

H Y M N XXIV.

*Resolving in the Lord Jesus as our Redeemer, and our
God, praying to be preserved in his Love.*

1 **O** U R Shephèrd alone
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his Blood;
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our God!

2 We daily will sing
Thy Merits, thy Praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace;
Thy Kindness for ever
To Men we will tell:
And say, our dear SAVIOUR
Redeems us from Hell.

3 Preserve us in Love,
Whilst here we abide:
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious Salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful Vision
Completed in Thee!

HYMN

H Y M N XXV.

*As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so
our Consolation also aboundeth by CHRIST.*

1 Cor. i. 5.

COME on, my Part'ners in Distress,
My Comrades thro' the Wilderness,
Who still your Bodies feel!
Awhile forget your Griefs and Fears,
And look beyond the Vale of Tears
To that celestial Hill.

See where the LAMB in Glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant Bands,
And join th' Angelic Pow'rs:
For all that Height of glorious Bliss,
Our everlasting Portion is,
And all that Heav'n is ours.

Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his Face appear,
And by his Side sit down;
To patient Faith the Prize is sure,
And those that to the End endure
The Cross, shall wear the Crown. †

Thrice blessed Bliss!—Inspiring Hope!
It lifts the fainting Spirits up!
It brings to Life the Dead!
Our Conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

That great mysterious DEITY
We soon with open Face shall see—
The Beatific Sight;
Shall fill the heav'nly Courts with Praise,
And wide diffuse the golden Blaze
Of everlasting Light!

HYMN

H Y M N XXVI.

O the Immensity of Redeeming Love !

- 1 **T**H' Extent of JESU's Love
 What Heart can comprehend ?
 A Breadth whose Distance none can prove,
 A Length without an End :
 The first-born Seraphs try
 The Mystery to explore ;
 Yet cannot trace it out ; for why ?
 The Curse they never bore.
- 2 The Grace unsearchable,
 Transcending human Thought,
 Who, who, in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
 Or find the Wonder out ;
 All the Angelic Choir
 Unite to give him Praise :
 And Saints redeeming Love admire,
 And loud Hosannahs raise.
- 3 To CHRIST we lift our Voice,
 Who have Redemption found :
 And in His Name alone rejoice,
 Whence all our Joys abound :
 This cures the burden'd Mind,
 This calms the troubled Heart ;
 This manifests the SAVIOUR kind,
 And bids our Fears depart.

HYM

HYMN XVIII.

PSALM CXIII.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
 The Triumphs of his Name record,
 His sacred Name for ever bless:
 Where'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising Beams or setting Rays,
 Due Praise to his great Name address.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
 The Regions of eternal day,
 But Shadows of his Glory are ;
 With Him, whose Majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created Power compare.

He bows his glorious Head to view
 What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
 And bends his Care to mortal Things ;
 His sov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
 He takes the Needy from the Door,
 And makes them Company for Kings.

O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host
 And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
 Thy Glory as in Ages past,
 Now it is, and so shall last
 When Earth and Heav'n shall be no more.

C

HYMN

HYMN XXIX.

On Election Love.

1 **I**N JESUS approv'd,
 Eternally lov'd,
 Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd,
 How happy are we,
 Our Election who see,
 And venture alone for Salvation on Thee!

2 Our seeking thy face
 Was all of thy grace,
 Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the praise
 No sinner can be
 Beforehand with thee,
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

3 The soul that believes,
 Thy Spirit ne'er leaves,
 Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives,
 The work that's begun
 Shall surely be done,
 The victory Jesus already hath won.

4 Yet one thing we want,
 More holiness grant,
 For more of thy mind, and thine image we pursue
 Thine image impress
 On thy chosen race,
 O polish and fashion thy vessels of grace.

5 Thy workmanship we
 More fully would be.
 LORD, take us in hand, and conform us to thee

While onward we move
 To Canaan above,
 Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love!

6 Vouchsafe us to know
 More of thee below,
 Thus fit us for heav'n and glory bestow;
 O love, and defend
 And save to the end,
 Till we to the regions above shall ascend.

H. Y. M. N. XXX.

Worthy the Lamb.

GLORY to God on high!
 Let earth and skies reply;
 Praise ye his Name:
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrow bore;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb.

JESUS, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load;
 Praise ye his Name:
 Tell what his Arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won;
 Sing his great name alone;
 Worthy the Lamb.

While they around the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:

C 2

Thou

Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy LORD to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him, our gracious king,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Thro' all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

H Y M N XXXI.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 **B**EGIN, ye saints, the happy song,
Let love inspire the theme;
'Tis JESUS's grace,
That calls for our Praise,
'Twas JESUS alone did redeem.

When Justice fixed the sinner's fate
In endless woe to dwell,
'Twas JESUS that stood
Resisting to blood,
And ransom'd the sinner from hell.

Our only advocate and friend,
The mighty work he wrought;
When bowing his head,
"'Tis finish'd," he said;
O sinner exult at the thought!

A spotless victim to the cross
Himself he thus resign'd:
Then enter'd the grave
the wretched to save,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo! now in bliss our cause he pleads,
'Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

Then let us lift our loudest praise
To Sion's holy King;
He's worthy we own
Who sits on the throne:
Hosanna to JESUS we sing.

H Y M N XXXII.

I N V I T A T I O N.

1 COME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and pow'r;
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money
 Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream,
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him,
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the SPIRIT'S rising beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd."
 Sinners will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate Gop ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude.

None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good,
 Saints and Angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Christ precious to a Believer.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 I'd fain wou'd I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish
 In thee most richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 No friendship half so sweet.

O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there!
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
 My joy in life and death!

H Y M N XXXIV.

Morning.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Soul, and with the Sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run:
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice,
- 2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem,
 Each present day, thy last esteem;
 T'improve thy talents take due care,
 'Gainst the great Day thyself prepare,
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
 Think, how th' all-seeing God, thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite,

HYMN

H Y M N XXXV.

Evening.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 Whatever ills this day I've done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 'ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep;
 Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

H Y M N XXXVI.

The Sinners Portion and Saints Hope.

LORD, I am thine : But thou wilt prove
 My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
 When men of spite against me join,
 They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

Their

- 2 Their Hope and Portion lies below;
 'Tis all the Happiness they know,
 'Tis all they seek : They take their shares,
 And leave the rest among their Heirs.
- 3 What Sinners value I resign;
 LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
 I shall behold thy blissful Face,
 And stand complete in Righteousness.
- 4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
 But the bright World to which I go
 Hath Joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!
 I shall be near, and like my God!
 And Flesh and Sin no more controul
 The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.
- 6 My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
 Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound;
 Then burst the Chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's Image rise.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverances. PL. xxxi

- 1 I'LL bless the LORD from Day to Day;
 How good are all his Ways!
 Ye humble souls that use to pray,
 Come, help my Lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the Honour of his Name,
 How a poor Suff'rer cry'd;
 Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
 Nor was his Suit deny'd,

Wh

When threat'ning Sorrows round me stood,
And endless Fears arose,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes;

I told the Lord my sore Distress,
With heavy Groans and Tears
He gave my sharpest Torments Ease,
And silenc'd all my Fears.

O Sinners! come and taste his Love,
Come, learn his pleasant Ways;
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetness of his Grace.

He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell,
What Ills their heavenly Care prevents,
No earthly Tongue can tell.

O love the LORD, ye Saints of his!
His Eye regards the Just:
How richly bless'd their Portion is,
Who make the LORD their TRUST!

Young Lions, pinch'd with Hunger, roar,
And famish in the Wood;
But God supplies his holy Poor
With ev'ry needful Good.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

For the Sabbath-Day. Psalm xcii.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks, and sing,
Shew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

3 Sweet

- 2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Care shall seize my Breast;
O may my Heart in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!
- 3 My Heart shall triumph in my LORD,
And bless his Works, and bless his Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
Blast them in everlasting Death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed,
Like holy Oil, to cheer my Head.
- 6 Sin (my worst Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:
My inward Foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my Peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;
And every Pow'r find sweet Employ
In CHRIST's eternal World of Joy.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Praising God for Spiritual and Temporal Blessings

- 1 **B**LESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join •
In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
His Favours claim thy highest Praise,
Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in Silence, and forgot?

'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels:
He redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Life from threat'ning Graves.

Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:
He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
Work and Worship so divine.

H Y M N XL.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

GIVE to our GOD immortal Praise;
His Mercy and Truth are all his Ways:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

Give to the LORD of Lords Renown,
The KING of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

4 He

- 4 He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
And fix'd the starry Lights on high:
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's Hand
And brought them to the promis'd Land
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with Pow'r to save
From Guilt and Darkneſs, and the Grave
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 8 Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be no more.

H Y M N XLI.

The All-ſeeing God.

- 1 **L** O R D, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My riſing and my reſting Hours,
My Heart, and Fleſh, with all their power.

My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning Lips they break.

Within thy circling Pow'r I stand;
On every Side I find thy Hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy All-searching Eyes;
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
thro' Midnight Shades, as blazing Noon.

Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to Thee;
Not Death can hide what God will spy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions are
Consent to Sin, for God is there."

H Y M N XLII.

A Song of Praise.

N God's own House pronounce his Praise,
His Grace he there reveals;
O Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raise,
For there his Glory dwells.

2 Let

- 2 Let all your sacred Passions move,
While you rehearse his Deeds;
But the great Work of saving Love,
Your highest Praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul shall praise him best.

H Y M N XLIII.

Seeking the Pastures of CHRIST the Shepherd
Solomon's Song, i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joy, and earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow;
- 2 Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown?
My constant Feet would never rove,
Would never seek another Love.
- 4 The Footsteps of thy Flock I see:
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be;
Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

H Y M N XLIV.

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth,

Solomon's Song vi. 1, 2. 3, 12.

WHEN Strangers stand and hear me tell
 What Beauties in my SAVIOUR dwell
 Where he is gone they fain would know,
 That they may seek and love him too.

My best Beloved keeps his throne
 In Hills of Light in Worlds unknown;
 But he descends and shews his Face
 In the young Gardens of his Grace.

He has engross'd my warmest Love;
 His earthly Charms my Soul move:
 He has a Mansion in his Heart,
 Nor Death, nor Hell, shall make us part.

He takes my Soul ere I'm aware,
 And shews me where his Glories are;
 All human Beauties, all Divine,
 My Beloved meet and shine.

These are the Joys he lets us know;
 His Fields and Villages below;
 He gives us a Relish of his Love,
 And keeps his noblest Feast above.

Paradise within the Gates,
 His higher Entertainments waits;
 His new and old laid up in store,
 Where we shall feed and thirst no more.

- 7 O may my Spirit daily rise
On Wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my Love.

H Y M N XLV.

The Strength of Christ's Love. Sol. Song. viii. 5, 6,

1 **W**HO is this fair One in Distress
That travels from the Wilderness
And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins
On her beloved LORD she leans?

2 This is the spouse of CHRIST our God,
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood
And her Request and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of every Saint:

3 "O let my Name engraven stand
"Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand
"Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
"That Pledge of Love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than Death thy Love is known
"Which Floods of Wrath could never drown
"And Hell and Earth in vain combine
"To quench a Fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my Heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy Name be well impress'd
"As a fair Signet on my Breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy Home,
"Where Fears and Doubts can never come
"Thy Count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the Hours of thy Delay;
Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe,
Over the Hills where Spices grow."

H Y M N XLVI.

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I'M not sham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

Jesus, my GOD! I know his Name;
His Name is all my Trust;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
'Till the decisive Hour.

Then will he own my worthless Name
Before his Father's Face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

H. Y. M. N XLVII.

The absolute Sovereign. Rom. ix. 21-24.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The Subjects of his high Decrees:

- 2 Doth not the Workman's Pow'r extend
O'er all the Mass, which Part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler End;
And which to leave for viler Use !
- 3 May not the Sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his Favours as he will;
Choose some to Life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still ?
- 4 What, if to make his Terror known,
He lets his Patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on
And seal their own Destruction sure ?
- 5 What, if he means to shew his Grace,
And his electing Love employs,
To mark out some of mortal Race,
And forms them fit for heavenly Joys ?
- 6 Shall Man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's Ways unjust,
The Thunder of whose dreadful Word
Can crush a thousand Worlds to Dust ?
- 7 But, O my Soul, if Truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy Sight,
Yet still his written Will obey,
And wait the great decisive Day.
- 8 Then shall he make his Justice known,
And the whole World before his Throne
With Joy or Terror shall confess
The Glory of his Righteousness.

H Y M N XLVIII.

A living and a dead Faith contrasted.

Mistaken Souls! that dream of Heav'n,
 And make their empty Boast
 Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n,
 While they are Slaves to Lust.

Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
 If Faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living Pow'r unites
 To CHRIST the living Head.

'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart;
 'Tis Faith that works by Love;
 That bids all sinful Joys depart,
 And lifts the Thoughts above.

'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell
 By a celestial Pow'r;
 'Tis this the Grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive Hour.

Faith must obey her Father's Will,
 As well as trust his Grace;
 Pard'ning God is jealous still
 For his own Holiness.

When from the Curse he sets us free
 He makes our Natures clean;
 Or would he send his Son to be
 The Minister of Sin.

His Spirit purifies our Frame,
 And seals our Peace with God;
 As us, and his Salvation came
 By Water and by Blood.

H Y M N XLIX.

*Backslidings and Returns: or, the Inconstancy of
Love.*

1 **W**HY is my Heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
With thee, no more by Night?

2 Why should my foolish Passions rove?
Where can such Sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy Love?
As I have found in thee?

When my forgetful Soul renews
The Savour of thy Grace,
My Heart presumes I cannot lose
The Relish all my Days.

4 But ere one fleeting Hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring World employs
Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
And to pollute my Joys.

5 Trifles of Nature or of Art,
With fair deceitful Charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless Heart,
And thrust me from thy Arms.

6 Then I repent, and vex my Soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild Affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

Sin's promis'd Joys are turn'd to Pain;
 And I am drown'd in Grief;
 But my dear LORD returns again,
 He flies to my Relief;

Seizing my Soul with sweet Surprise,
 He draws with loving Bands;
 Divine Compassion in his Eyes,
 And Pardon in his Hands.

Wretch that I am, to wander thus
 In chase of false Delight!
 Let me be fasten'd to thy Cross,
 Rather than lose thy Sight.

Make haste, my Days, to reach the Goal,
 And bring my Heart to rest
 On the dear Centre of my Soul,
 My God, my Saviour's Breast.

H Y M N L.

Death and Eternity.

STOOP down, my Thoughts that use to rise
 Converse awhile with Death:
 Sink how a gasping Mortal lies,
 And pants away his Breath.

Quiv'ring Lips hang feebly down,
 His Pulses faint and few;
 Then speechless, with a doleful Groan
 He bids the World adieu.

O, the Soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the Clay!

Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous Way.

4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Despair.

5 And must my Body faint and die?
And must this Soul remove?
O, for some Guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 JESUS, to thy dear faithful Hand
My naked Soul I trust;
And my Flesh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Dust.

H Y M N L I.

*The Hopes of Heav'n our Support under Trials
Earth.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

2 Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd
Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
And face a frowning World.

3 Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All:

4 The

There shall I bathe my weary Soul
 In Seas of heav'nly Rest,
 And not a Wave of Trouble roll
 Across my peaceful Breast.

H Y M N LII.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

THERE is a Land of pure Delight;
 Where Saints immortal reign:
 Infinite Day excludes the Night,
 And Pleasure banish Pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-with'ring Flowers:
 Death, like a narrow Sea, divides
 This heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
 Stand dress'd in living Green:
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood
 While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow Sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the Brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our Doubts remove
 These gloomy Doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded Eyes!

- 9 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landkip o'er,
Not Jordan's Streams, nor Death's cold Flood
Should fright us from the Shore.

H Y M N LIII.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

- 1 **I** Love the Windows of thy Grace,
Thro' which my LORD is seen,
And long to meet my SAVIOUR'S Face
Without a Glass between.
- 2 Oh, that the happy Hour were come
To change my Faith to Sight!
I shall behold my LORD at home
In a diviner Light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These Interposing Days:
Then shall my Passions all be Love,
And all my Pow'rs be Praise.

H Y M N LIV.

The Vanity of Creatures: or, No Rest on Earth.

- 1 **M**AN has a Soul of vast Desires,
He burns within with restless Fire:
Tost to and fro, his Passions fly
From Vanity to Vaniry.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid Good to fill the Mind:
We try new Pleasures, but we feel
The inward Thirst and Torment still.

So when a raging Fever burns,
We shift from Side to Side by turns;
And 'tis a poor Relief we gain,
To change the Place to keep the Pain.

Great God ! subdue this vicious Thirst,
This Love to Vanity and Dust;
Cure the vile Fever of the Mind,
And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

H Y M N LV.

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in
the Guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

HOW sweet and awful is the Place
With CHRIST within the Doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her Stores !

While all our Hearts and all our Songs
Join to admire the Feast,
Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
“ LORD, why was I a Guest ?

“ Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
“ And enter while there's Room ;
“ When Thousands make a wretched Choice,
“ And rather starve than come ?

'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
That sweetly drew us in ;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our Sin.

- 6 Pity the Nations, O our God!
 Constrain the Earth to come;
 Send thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the Strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy Churches full,
 That all the chosen Race
 May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
 Sing thy redeeming Grace.

H Y M N L V I I

Will ye also go away? JOHN vi. 67.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the CHRIST of God,
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stir'd,
 If I will also go ?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No.

H Y M N ! LVII.

The Day of Judgment.

DAY of judgement, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons will the sinners heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, This God is mine !
 O Saviour, own me in that day for thine !

At his call the Dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee :
 Wretched sinner, what will then become of thee !

Horrors past imagination
 Will surprize your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 Hence, accursed wretch ! depart !
 You with Satan and his angels have thy part !

5 Satan,

5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal All's at stake.

6 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

H Y M N LVIII.

J U D G M E N T.

1 **L**O he cometh! countless Trumpets,
Blow to raise the sleeping Dead.
Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels
See their great exalted Head.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Welcome, welcome
of God.

2 Full of joyful Expectation,
All behold The Judge appear,
Truth and Justice go before him,
Now the joyful Sentence hear,
Hallelujah! Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into Life and Joy,
 Banish all your Fears and Sorrow,
 Endless Praise be your Employ.
 Hallelujah ! welcome, welcome to the Skies !

Now at once they rise to Glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King ;
 There with all the Host of Heaven,
 They eternal Anthems sing,
 Hallelujah ! boundless Glory to the Lamb ! Amen.

H Y M N LIX.

Opening Divine Worship.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting Family inspire
 With Joy, and Peace, and Love !

Thee we the Comforter confess ;
 Unless thou'rt present here,
 Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,
 We utter heartless Prayer.

Wake, heavenly Wind, arise and come,
 Blow on the dropping Field ;
 Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,
 And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
 That shall proclaim thy Word,
 And bid each awful Hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.

HYMN

H Y M N LX.

The Same.

- 1 **F**AR from our Thoughts, vain World, be gone
 Let our religious Hours alone ;
 O may our Eyes our Saviour see !
 We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
 And kindle there a pure Desire,
 Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare !
 How sweet thy Entertainments are !
 Never did Angels taste above,
 Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.
- 4 Hail, great IMMANUEL, all Divine !
 In thee thy Father's Glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known !

H Y M N LXI.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **M**Y Soul repeat his Praise,
 Whose Mercies are so great ;
 Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the Ground we tread ;
 So far the Riches of his Grace
 Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his Name,
 Is such as tender Parents feel :
 He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
 Or like the Morning Flow'r ;
 If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,
 It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord,
 To endless Years endure ;
 And Children's Children ever find
 Thy Word of Promise sure.

H Y M N LXII.

GOD's Goodness to his People.

THE Lord supplies his People's Need,
 JEHOVAH is his Name ;
 In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
 Beside the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
 When they forsake his Ways,
 And leads them for his Mercy's Sake,
 In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
 His Presence is their Stay ;
 Word of his supporting Breath
 Drives all their Fears away.

4 His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth still their Table spread;
Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

5 The sure Provisions of our God,
Attend us all our Days:
O may his House be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praise!

H Y M N LXIII.

For the Lord's Day.

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet Day of Rest,
That saw the LORD arise;
Welcome to this reviving Breast,
And these rejoicing Eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his Saints To-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One Day amidst the Place
Where our dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand Days
Of pleasurable Sin.

4 Bid, Lord, our Souls to stay
In such a Frame as this;
And when thou call'st for them away,
Wast them to endless Bliss.

H Y M N LXIV.

Longing for the House of God.

1 **L**ORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thy earthly Temples are!
 To his Abode,
 My Soul, aspire,
 With warm Desire,
 To see thy God.

2 O happy Souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy Men that pay
 Their constant Service there!
 They praise CHRIST still;
 And happy they
 That Love the Way
 To Zion's Hill.

3 They go from Strength to Strength,
 Through this dark Vale of Tears,
 'Till each arrives at length,
 'Till each in Heav'n appears.
 O glorious Seat;
 Our GOD and KING,
 Us thither bring,
 To kiss thy Feet!

4 The LORD his People loves:
 His Hands no good withholds,
 From those his Heart approves,
 From pure and pious Souls.

E 2

Thrice

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in thee !

H Y M N LXV.

CHRIST'S *Compassion for the TEMPTED.*

- 1 **W**ITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what sore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the Days of feeble Flesh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry Member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,
But raise it to a Flame ;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.
- 5 Then, let our humble Faith address,
His Mercy, and his Pow'r ;
We shall obtain delivering Grace
In the distressing Hour.

HYMN

H Y M N LXVI.

To the TRINITY.

- 1 **L**ET God the FATHER live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.
- 2 Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In Honour to the SON;
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit Praise,
Of an immortal Strain;
Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The same Record within!
- 5 To the great One and Three,
That seal the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n:

H Y M N LXVII.

The same.

- 1 **T**O him that chose us first,
Before the World began:
To him that bore the Curse
To save rebellious Man:

To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

- 2 The FATHER's Love shall run
Through our immortal Songs!
We bring to God the SON,
Hosannas on our Tongues.
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name,
With equal Praise
And Zeal the same.

- 3 Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angels round the Throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One!
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

H Y M N LXVIII.

God made Man,

- 1 O LORD our GOD, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State,
Let Men and Babes proclaim.
- 3 When we behold thy Work on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Those moving Worlds of Light.

3 LORD,

LORD, what is Man, or all his Race
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with Grace,
 And love his Nature so!

That thine eternal Son should bear
 To take a mortal Form,
 Made lower than his Angels are,
 To save a dying Worm!

JESUS, our Lord, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted Name!
 The Glories of thy heavenly State,
 Let the whole Earth proclaim.

H Y M N LXIX.

It is Finish'd.

TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
 Whilst we this Sentence scan;
 Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
 Behold the Conquests of our LORD,
 Compleat for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
 Finish'd, for Sinners, pard'ning Peace;
 Their mighty Debt is paid;
 Accusing Law, cancell'd by Blood;
 And Wrath of an offended God,
 In sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim?
 The Law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a Release can shew:

E 4

Justice

Justice itself a Friend appears,
The Prison-house a Whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.

- 4 O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless Fears,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry Cry.
- 5 His Toil divinely finish'd, stands,
But ah ! the Praise his Word demands ;
Careful may we attend !
Conclusion to our Souls be this,
Because Salvation finish'd is,
Our Thanks shall never end,

H Y M N LXX.

A D O P T I O N.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous Grace,
The FATHER hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God.
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great they will be made ;
But when they see their SAVIOUR here,
Saints shall be like their Head,
- 3 A Hope so much divine,
May Trials well endure ;
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

4 O LORD, if in thy Love,
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To rest upon each Heart.

5 Suffer us not to lie
Like Slaves before thy Throne ;
Let each now, Abba, FATHER, cry,
And thou the Kindred own.

H Y M N LXXI.

Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

NOW to the LORD, a noble Song ;
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim !

See where it shines in JESU'S Face !
The brightest Image of his Grace ;
GOD in the Person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest Works out-done.

Grace 'tis a charming theme !
Exult, my Soul at JESU'S Name !
Ye Angels dwell upon the Sound :
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground !

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold !

HYMN

H Y M N LXXII.

SALVATION.

1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful Sound !
 What Pleasure to our Ears ?
 A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
 A Cordial for our Fears.

2 Buried in Sorrow and in Sin,
 At Hell's dark door we lay !
 O may we rise by Grace divine,
 And see a heav'nly Day !

3 Salvation ! let the Echo fly
 The spacious Earth around,
 While all the Armies of the Sky
 Conspire to raise the Sound.

H Y M N LXXIII.

A Blessed GOSPEL.

1 **B**LEST are the Souls that hear and know
 The Gospel's joyful Sound,
 Peace shall attend the Path they go,
 And Light their Steps surround.

2 Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
 Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
 His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our Glory and Defence,
 Strength and Salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives,

HYMN

HYMN

H Y M N LXXIV.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honours giv'n;
 He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
 He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
 But of his own abounding Grace,
 He works Salvation in our Hearts,
 And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
 To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
 He gave us Grace in CHRIST his Son,
 Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the LORD, appears at last,
 And makes his FATHER's Counsels known;
 He declares the great Transactions past,
 And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N LXXV.

Sight of God and CHRIST in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
 Mount, and bear us far above
 The Reach of these inferior Things.

A Sight a pleasing Sight!
 Our Almighty FATHER's Throne!

Their

There fits our SAVIOUR, crown'd with L
Cloth'd in a Body like our own.

3 Adoring Saints around him stand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall,
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

4 When shall the Day, dear LORD, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy Face, and sing thy Love!

H Y M N LXXVI.

Inviting to Praise:

1 COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to JESUS' Wounds,
This is the welcome Gospel-Day,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath;
And JESUS says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by Faith.

H Y M N LXXVII.

The same.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, 'tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our delight.

ing to the **LORD**, exalt him high,
 Who spreads the Clouds around the Sky;
 There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
 For lets the Drops descend in vain.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames;
 He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
 His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
 Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn;
 He Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
 And the young Ravens when they cry.

His Saints are lovely in his Sight;
 He views his Children with Delight;
 He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
 And looks and loves his Image there.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Commit thy Way unto the LORD, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the **LAMB**,
 Fall and do him Rev'rence;
 Praise him for his Blood and Name,
 Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why should Sorrow bow thee down,
 Trials or Temptation!
 Not **CHRIST** upon the Throne,
 Still thy strong Salvation?

Cast thy Burdens on the **LORD**,
 Leave them with thy **SAVIOUR**;

He

He (whose Hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will Deliver.

4 Turn thee to thy Rest, my Soul,
Turn thee and discover
How he yet is Merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

5 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
Who can happy make thee ;
Gaze upon him who thee bought
'Till to him he takes thee.

6 Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
Mind alone thy SAVIOUR ;
Count thou all beside but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Preserving Grace.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

3 He will present his Saints,
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace
And make his Wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

H Y M N LXXX.

To JESUS CHRIST.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Oh tune our Souls to praise thy Name,
Jesus ! unchangeable, the same !

If Angels, whilst to thee they sing,
Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh
The great, and awful Deity ?

Glory to the auspicious Lamb !
Thou holy LORD, thou great I Am !
With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bless,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus ! live,
Worthy all Blessings to receive !
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXI.

Unfruitfulness.

- 1 **L**ONG have we sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But still how weak our Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
How small a Portion of thy Grace
Do our false Hearts retain!
- 3 Our gracious SAVIOUR and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne?
- 4 How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear!
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success;
Write thy Salvation on each Heart,
And make us learn thy Grace.
- 6 Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

H Y M N LXXXII.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

TO praise Redeeming Love,
 Dear Christians, lend a Voice;
 Come thou diviner Dove,
 And help us to rejoice!
 Our Hearts too low,
 Lord, Thou canst raise;
 Blest Spirit, blow,
 And we shall praise.

Here, Lord, may we admire
 The Riches of thy Grace,
 'Till thou shalt call us higher,
 There to behold thy Face;
 Oh Height of Grace,
 Oh Depth of Love,
 Lord fit us for
 Our Place above.

Who can thy Love express!
 Thy Mercy ne'er decays!
 What can our Souls do less
 Than love thee all our Days?
 Bless God, each Soul,
 Ev'n unto Death;
 And show his Praise
 With every Breath.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Praise to the REDEEMER.

- 1 **P** LUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
- 2 With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief?
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.
- 3 Down from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.
- 4 Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises speak.
Angels assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn.

- 1 **I** NFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold our bleeding LORD;

Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,
Our dear REDEEMER bore,
When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
His sacred Body tore !

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
In vain do we accuse ;
In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were ;
Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Veng'ance down
Upon his guiltless Head ;
Break, break our Hearts, oh ! burst these Eyes,
And let our Sorrow bleed,

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
'Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N LXXXV.

The Same.

A LAS ! and did our SAVIOUR bleed ?
And did our Sov'reign die !

F 2

Would

Would he devote that sacred Head
For such a Worm as I?

2 Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree!
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown,
And Love beyond Degree.

3 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
For Man and Creature's Sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

5 But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe;
May I here give my self away!
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

The Same.

3 **I**S there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort bring, or satisfy,
But our dear SAVIOUR's Wounds?
Here is a sweet and constant Peace,
A Treasure full of richest Grace,
All else are empty Sounds.

Att

Attend, my Soul, sink down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came

To suffer, bleed, and die ;
O think upon thy Sin and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was spilt,
Thou didst him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of sinful Dust,
Thy dearest LORD sweat for thy Lust,
'Till Droops of Blood fall down !
See how he yonder prostrate lies !
Observe his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
Mark every Tear and Groan.

See thy dear LORD dragg'd like a Thief,
Amidst Contempt, and Stripes and Grief,
For thee a Sacrifice ;
Fasten'd unto the shameful Wood,
Despis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood ;
So dear thy Ransom Price !

LORD, didst thou suffer thus for me !
Did'st thou feel all this Misery
To give me Life and Peace ?
Then let me bear it on my Heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy Smart,
Thy Blood signs my Release.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,

F 3

Could

Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

2 But CHRIST, the heav'nly LAMB,
Takes all our Sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

3 My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

4 My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curst Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the Curse remove ;
We bless the LAMB with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

God reconcil'd in CHRIST.

1 **D**EAREST of all the Names above,
Our JESUS and our GOD,
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood ?

2 'Tis by the Merit of thy Death,
The FATHER smiles again ;

'Tis by thine interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if IMMANUEL's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins!
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wisdom boast:
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

For SOCIETY.

WHO can have greater Cause to sing,
Who greater Cause to bless,
Than we the Children of the King,
Than we who CHRIST possess?

With Angel-Hosts, dear LAMB, we join
To praise thy Love and Pow'r,
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou mighty Counsellor,

We late were Satan's Captives led,
And Hell had been our End,

Had'st thou not for our Pardon bled,
Thou Sinners only Friend.

4 For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
Nor shall our Praises cease ;
We evermore will sing that Song,
The LORD our Righteousness.

5 No other GOD we know but thee,
None else did us create ;
Thy Glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate.

6 'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take
The MEDIATOR'S Place,
When we the FATHER'S Statutes brake,
All hail, thou Prince of Peace !

7 We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our Need we see :
Thou bearest still a SAVIOUR'S Name,
Our SAVIOUR thou shalt be !

8 No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
Shall us from thee divide ;
Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
For us our SAVIOUR dy'd.

H Y M N XC.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 **R**ISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace ;

Rise from transitory Things,
 Tow'rd's Heav'n, thy native Place,
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
 Time shall soon this Earth remove ;
 Rise, my Soul and haste away
 To Seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their Course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
 Both speed them to their Source ;
 So a Soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious Face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his Embrace.

3 Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onwards to the Prize ;
 Soon our SAVIOUR will return
 Triumphant in the Skies :
 Yet a Season, and you know,
 Happy Entrance will be given ;
 All our Sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchan'gd for Heaven.

H Y M N XCI.

Calling to follow Jesus.

1 COME, my Father's Family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
 Come, ye Sinners, who with me
 Are ev'ry where abhor'd :

Let

Let us gladly trace his Steps,
 Who suffer'd Death among the Jews,
 Who the friendless Soul accepts,
 Whom all beside refuse.

2 JESUS, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own ;
 He the Sacrifice for Sin,
 The SAVIOUR he alone :
 Let us take and bear his Cross.
 Despis'd Disciples let us be ;
 Mock'd and slighted, as he was
 For you, my Friends, and me.

3 None but JESUS will we sing,
 None else will we adore :
 He our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING,
 Shall be for ever more :
 None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim
 None but JESUS call we ours,
 None but the bleeding LAMB.

H Y M N XCH.

CHRIST our great *Melchisedec*.

1 THOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB,
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No Music like thy charming Name,
 Ne'er half so sweet can be.
 O may we ever hear thy Voice,
 In Mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

- 2 Our JESUS shall be still our Theme,
 While in this World we stay,
 We'll sing our JESUS' lovely Name,
 When all things else decay :
 When we appear in yonder Cloud,
 With all his favour'd Throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our Song.

P A U S E.

- 3 Now to the LAMB, that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

H Y M N XCIII.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
 They are bought with CHRIST'S own Blood,
 They are ransom'd from the Grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the World begun ;

They

They the Seal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe:

- 3 They are justify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great Day.
- 4 They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteousness !
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
- 5 They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth ;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.
- 6 They have Fellowship with God,
Thro' the MEDIATOR's Blood ;
One with God, with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun.
- 7 Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.
- 8 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, Joint-heirs with CHRIST ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in Eternity !

HYMN

H Y M N XCIV.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 **C**OME we that love the LORD,
And let our Joys be known,
Join in a Song of sweet Accord,
And thus surround the Throne.
- 2 The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from this Place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.
- 3 The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below !
Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Faith and Hope may grow.
- 4 The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.
- 5 Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N XCV.

The Wisdom of GOD Foolishness with Men.

O SAVIOUR, Thou thy Mysteries,
Hast often cover'd from the Wise,
And Babes thy Glory shew'd ;

Thy

Thy Wisdom far surpasses all
That studious Mortals Wisdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

- 2 The nat'ral Man can't right conceive
The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'st us redeem ;
The Things thy SPIRIT teaches us,
The Merits of thy Blood and Cross,
Are Foolishness to him.
- 3 They this World's Wisdom seek and gain,
That Wisdom which thou callest vain,
But oh ! are Strangers still
To that which makes our Spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting Eyes
What is our SAVIOUR'S Will.
- 4 Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth, and Love !
Things freely to us giv'n ;
These Earnests are of greater Bliss,
The Earnest of that Happiness
Which we shall have in Heav'n.

H Y M N XCVI.

The Triumph of FAITH.

- 1 **H** E A D of the Church Triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee ;
'Till thou appear,
Thy Members here,
Shall sing like those in Glory.

We lift our Hearts and Voices
 With blest Anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The Praise of our Salvation.

2 While in Affliction's Furnace,
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we praise,
 Which knows our Days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our Hands exulting
 In thine Almighty Favour,
 The love divine
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy People
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation.
 Nor will we fear
 Whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation.
 The World with Sin and Satan
 In vain our March opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of Moses.

4 By Faith we see the Glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize,
 Which thou hast set before us.

And

And if thou count us worthy
 We each as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right Hand,
 To take us up to Heav'n.

H Y M N XC VII.

The same.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the LORD is KING!
 Your LORD and KING adore,
 Mortals give Thanks and sing,
 And triumph ever more:
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
 The GOD of Truth and Love,
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above:
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our JESUS giv'n:
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right Hand
 Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their eternal Home :

We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
The Trump of God shall sound Rejoice !

H Y M N XCIII. T

Little Children, love one another.

G I V E R of Concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly Passions cease,
O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into closest Union draw,
And in our inward Parts,
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

O Let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
Jesus the Crucify'd !
What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
Languish'd, and groan'd and dy'd.

Who would not now pursue the Way
Where Jesus' Footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing Sway,
Of Charity divine ?

5 O let us find the ancient Way,
 Our wond'ring Foes to move,
 And force the Heathen World to say,
 " See how these Christians love !"

H Y M N XCIX.

For Persons joind in Fellowship.

1 **T**R Y us, O God, and search the Ground
 Of ev'ry sinful Heart ;
 Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Restore us by thy Grace,
 And guide our Feet into the Way
 Of everlasting Peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Load,
 Each other's Cross to bear :
 Let each his friendly Aid afford,
 And feel his Brother's Care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little Stock improve ;
 Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
 And perfect us in Love.

5 Then when the mighty Work is wrought
 Receive the ready Bride :
 Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
 With all the Sanctify'd

H Y M N S

At Meeting.

- 1 **B**EST by Jesus' Providence,
Lo ! we meet again in Peace !
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place !
- 2 When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign ;
Ever with our SAVIOUR live,
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.
- 3 There no Sorrow shall intrude,
Grief shall never there appear ;
Wash'd in our REDEEMER'S Blood,
We shall stand made free from Fear.
- 4 Come, dear Fellow, joyful come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our Souls presume,
Trust in Jesus' Righteousness.
- Pray we for the promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,
In the House above shall meet.
- Master, hasten on thy Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come !
Call thy trav'ling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home.

H Y M N C I.

At Parting.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in Heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' Footsteps tread,
And do his Work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd Embrace,
Expect his Fulness to receive,
And Grace to answer Grace:
- 5 But let us hasten to the Day,
Which shall our Flesh restore,
When Death shall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

H Y M N C II.

Adoring CHRIST.

- 1 **W**ORTHY is CHRIST, our Paschal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our Shame

On God's eternal Throne to reign :
For he for us, for Us was slain,

For ev'ry People, Land and Tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng :
Let all thy Hosts, thy Grace confess,
And call Thee, LORD, our Righteousness.

We praise thee, Thou whose Spirit rests
On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests :
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought, and ransom'd by his Blood.

Let ev'ry Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth, and all on Sea,
Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne,
With Worship due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine !
And Strength and Majesty divine !
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only everlasting LORD ;

H Y M N M C H I I I

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly KING,

As ye journey, sweetly sing :

Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy Praise,

Glorious in his Works and Ways !

We are trav'ling Home to God,

In the way the Fathers trod ;

C 3

They

They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd Seed, be glad !
CHRIST our Advocate is made !
Us to save, our Flesh assumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little Flock and blest,
You on JESUS' Throne shall rest :
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

5 Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand
On the Borders of your Land :
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 LORD, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H. I. Y. M. N. M. CIV. II

The Christian Soldier.

1 SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your Armour on,
Strong in the Strength which God supplies,
Thro' his eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts.
And in his mighty Power,
Who in the Strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than Conqueror.

2 Stan

Stand then in his great Might,
 With all his Strength endur'd,
 And take to arm you for the Fight,
 The Panoply of God ;
 That having all things done,
 And all your Conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome thro' CHRIST alone,
 And stand entire at last.

JESUS hath dy'd for you !
 What can his Love withstand ?
 Believe, hold fast your Shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his Hand ?
 Believe that JESUS reigns,
 All Pow'r to him is giv'n ;
 Believe, till freed from Nature's Chains,
 You're call'd from hence to Heav'n.

Your Rock can never shake ;
 Hither, he saith come up !
 The Helmet of Salvation take,
 The Confidence of Hope :
 Hope for his perfect Love,
 Hope for his promis'd Rest,
 Hope to sit down with CHRIST above,
 And share the Marriage Feast.

In Fellowship ; alone
 To God with Faith draw near,
 Approach his Courts, besiege his Throne,
 With all the Pow'r of prayer ;
 Go to his Temple, go,
 Nor from his Altar move ;

Let every House his Worship know,
And every Heart his Love.

6 From Strength to Strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight; and pray,
Tread all the Pow'rs of Darknes down,
And win the well-fought Day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his Soldiers, "Come,"
'Till CHRIST the LORD descends from high,
And takes the Conqu'ors Home.

H Y M N C V.

Panting after God.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose Heart
Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows
I see from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I sigh for thy Repose!
My Heart is pain'd, nor can 'it be
At Rest, till it finds Rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with thee my Heart to share?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
'The Lord of ev'ry Motion there:
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive,

In all Things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

O Love! thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care;
Chase this Self-will thro' all my Heart,
Thro' all its latent Mazes there;
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaseless may, Abba, Father, cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away,
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call;
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love be all my Choice.

H Y M N C V T. W

Funeral.

- 1 **T**EACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would forveiy Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time:
Man is but Vanity and Dust
In all his Flow'r and Prime.
- 3 See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,

They

They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their Noise is vain,

4 Some walk in Honour's gawdy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore :
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more,

5 We are but Strangers here below,
As all our Fathers were ;
May we be well-prepar'd to go,
When we the Summons hear !

H Y M N CVII.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd
My richest gain I count but Loss,
And pour contempt on all my Pride.

2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of CHRIST, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

3 See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown !

4 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

HYMN

HYMN CVIII.

Desiring to praise worthily.

1 **C**OME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing,
 Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise;
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above;
 Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging Love!

2 Here I raise my *Eben-Ezer*,
 Hither by thine Help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home:
 Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
 Wand'ring from the Fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from Danger,
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

3 O! to Grace how great a Debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that Grace, now, like a Fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my Heart—O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy Courts above.

HYMN

H Y M N CIX.

Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.

- 1 **O** LORD, how great's the Favour
That we such Sinners poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Saviour,
Approach thy Mercy's Door;
And find an open Passage
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Message
That bids us go in Peace.
- 2 LORD, we are helpless Creatures,
Full of the deepest Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid and inly dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
And all we have is Sin;
Our Hearts are all Uncleaness,
A Den of Thieves within.
- 3 In this forlorn Condition,
Who shall afford us Aid!
Where shall we find Compassion,
But in the Church's Head!
Jesus thou art all Pity:
Oh take us to thy Arms,
And exercise thy Mercy
To save us from all Harms.
- 4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless Complaints,

But ever be entreating
 The glorious King of Saints,
 'Till we attain the Image
 Of him we inly Love
 And pay our grateful Homage
 With all the Saints above.

- 5 Then we with all in Glory,
 Shall thankfully relate,
 Th' amazing pleasing Story
 Of JESUS Love so great !
 In this blest contemplation,
 We shall for ever dwell ;
 And prove such Consolation,
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N CX.

Gratitude.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render unto thee,
 Thou glorious Lord of Life and Pow'r?
 Teach us to bow the humble Knee,
 Teach us with Thankfulness t' adore,
 To praise thee as thy Saints above,
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous Love.

- 2 When like lost Sheep we wander'd wide
 And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye ;
 When borne along th' impetuous Tide
 Of this World's Sin and Vanity :
 Then JESUS from the Heav'ns came down,
 To save us by his Grace alone.

3 He

- 3 He bore our Sins upon the Tree,
To seek and save the Lost he came,
There was he bound to set us free,
From Death and everlasting Shame;
The captive Flock from Hell was freed,
And ransom'd when the Shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the Father's awful Throne,
Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,
And interceding for his own
The purchas'd Remnant now demands;
His People's everlasting Friend,
Who loving—loves them to the End!
- 5 May we his banish'd Ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him as our only Choice,
And cleave to him in Love alone;
Still growing up in holiness,
'Till call'd to meet in Realms of Bliss.
- 6 Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'ercloud the endless Day,
O praise him! all beneath, above!
O praise him! praise the God of Love!

H Y M N CXL.

Before Sermon.

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' Name,

Ye who JESUS' Kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.

- 2 Ye who see the FATHER'S Grace,
Beaming in the SAVIOUR'S Face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin ;
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.
- 5 Welcome all by Sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred Rest,
Nothing brought him from above ;
Nothing but Redeeming Love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.
- 7 Hither then your Music bring,
Strike aloud each chearful String,
Mortals join the Hosts above
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

HYMN

H. Y. N. N. CXII.

Panting after Jesus.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
 The Joy of the Upright in Heart,
 For closer Communion who pine,
 Still, still to reside where thou art;
 The Pasture, O! when shall we find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd
 Are screen'd from the Heat of the Day:
- 2 Ah! shew us that happiest Place,
 That Place of thy People's abode,
 Where Saints in an Extasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God:
 Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,
 Thy Passion and Death on the Tree,
 Our Spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the Lambs of the Flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast;
 'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a Moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
 Eternally held in thy Heart.

H Y M N CXIII.

CHRIST *the Believer's Refuge.*

- 1 **I**N ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
 My Soul to JESUS flies,
 My Anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling Billows rise.
- 2 His Comforts bear my Spirit up,
 I trust a faithful GOD,
 The sure Foundation of my Hope,
 Is in a SAVIOUR'S Blood.
- 3 Loud Hallelujahs sing, my Soul,
 To thy REDEEMER'S Name,
 In Joy, in Sorrow, Life, and Death,
 His Love is still the same.

H Y M N CXIV.

The Year of Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn Sound ;
 Let all the Nations know,
 To Earth's remotest Bound,
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home !
- 2 The Gospel Trumpet hear,
 The News of heav'nly Grace ;
 Ye happy Souls draw near,
 Behold your SAVIOUR'S Face ;

H

The

The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal Home!

- 3 JESUS our great High Priest
Hath full Atonement made;
Ye weary Spirits rest,
Ye mourning Souls be glad!
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home!

- 4 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning LAMB;
Redemption in his Blood
Throughout the World proclaim,
The Year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal Home!

H Y M N CXV.

P S A L M C.

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy,
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he destroy!
- 2 His sov'reign Power, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray
He brought us to his Fold again!
- 3 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Song
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise!

- 4 Wide as the World is thy Command ;
Vast as Eternity thy Love !
Firm as a Rock thy Truth shall stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move !

H Y M N CXVI.

CHRIST *All in All.*

- 1 I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,
My Heart doth sing for Joy :
And sing I must, a CHRIST I have,
O what a CHRIST have I !
- 2 My CHRIST, he is the LORD of Lords,
He is the KING of Kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With Healing in his Wings.
- 3 CHRIST is my Meat, CHRIST is my Drink,
My Physic, and my Health ;
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory, and my Wealth.
- CHRIST is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love ;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.
- My CHRIST, he is the Heaven of Heaven,
My CHRIST what shall I call ?
My CHRIST is first, my CHRIST is last,
My CHRIST is All in All.

H Y M N CXVII.

CHRIST our Righteousness.

- 1 JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness,
My Beauty are, my glorious Dress,
Mid't flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my Head.
- 2 When from the Dust of Death I rise,
To claim my Mansion in the Skies;
Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
"Jesus hath Liv'd, and Dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay?
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame
- 4 Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
SAVIOUR of Sinners thee proclaim:
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.
- 5 This spotless Robe the same appears,
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of CHRIST is ever new.
- 6 O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
JESUS, the LORD our Righteousness.

H Y M N CXVIII.

A Divine Rapture.

- 1 FROM thee, my God, my Joy shall rise,
And run eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
And all created Bounds.
- 2 The holy Triumph of my Soul
Shall Death itself out-brave,
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In Heav'n's unmeasur'd Space,
I'll spend a long Eternity,
In Pleasure and in Praise.
- 4 Millions of Years my wond'ring Eyes
Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,
And endless Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry Smile of thine
Shall fresh Endearments bring,
And thousand Tastes of new Delight,
From all thy Graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy bless'd Abode :
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
My SAVIOUR, and my GOD.

H Y M N CXIX.

GOD our only Happiness.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All;
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this Earthly Ball.
- 2 What empty Things are all the Skies,
And this inferior Clod!
There's nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning Sun,
Scatters his feeble Light;
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless Bed,
Amidst the Shades I roll,
If my REDEEMER shews his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health, and safe Abode;
We praise thy Name for all these Things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a Toy is glittering Wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee!
And what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me?

- 7 Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own ;
Without my Jesus, and Thyself,
I were a Wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore ;
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N CXX.

Sitting at JESUS Feet.

- 1 **S**WEET the Moment, rich in Blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend ;
Life, and Health, and Peace possessing,
From the Sinners dying Friend.
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood :
Precious Drops my Soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my Peace with God.
- 2 Truly Blessed is this Station,
Low before the Cross to lie :
While I see divine Compassion
Floating in his languid Eye.
Here it is I find my Heaven,
While upon the LAMB I gaze ;
Love I much, I've much forgiven,
I'm a Miracle of Grace.

- 3 Love and Grief my Heart dividing,
 With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in Faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his Death.
 May I still enjoy this Feeling,
 In all Need to Jesus go!
 Prove his Wounds each Day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

H Y M N CXXI.

C A L V A R Y.

- 1 **L** A M B of God, whose bleeding Love
 We thus recall to Mind,
 Send the Answer from above,
 And let us Mercy find:
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling Soul release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing Pain,
 And bloody Sweat we pray;
 By thy dying Love to Man,
 Take all our Sins away:
 Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
 From all Iniquity release,
 O remember, &c.
- 3 Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
 The Sinner's Pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our Sickness heal,

By thy Passion on the Tree,
 Let all our Grief and Troubles cease;
 O remember, &c.

- 4 Never would we hence depart,
 'Till thou our Wants relieve;
 Write Forgiveness on our Hearts,
 And all thine Image give.
 Still our Souls shall cry to thee,
 'Till all renew'd in Holiness;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace,

H Y M N CXXII.

CHRIST's *dying Love*,

HOW condescending, and how kind,
 Was God's eternal SON!
 Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
 And Pity brought him down.

- 2 When Justice by ur Sins provok'd,
 Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
 He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
 Without a murmur'ing Word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
 To raise us to his Throne;
 There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
 But cost his Heart a Groan.
- 4 This was Compassion like a God,
 That when the SAVIOUR knew,
 The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
 His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
 His Love is still as great;
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor let our Souls forget.

H Y M N CXXIII.

Ascribing to GOD the praise of our Salvation.

- 1 **H**OW empty was our former Boast,
 Our Foolishness of Pride
 When in ourselves we put our Trust,
 And on our Works rely'd!
- 2 Strong in the Freedom of our Will,
 Firm in our Nature's Pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the heav'nly Hill,
 And seize the Crown as ours.
- 3 Our good Desire, our Hearts sincere,
 Our best Endeavours stood,
 T' atone for our Transgressions here,
 In Place of Jews' Blood.
- 4 Alas for us : we knew not then
 His Blood and Righteousness,
 Thro' which alone the Sons of Men
 Are sav'd by richest Grace.
- 5 But now, O gracious God, thy Love,
 Hath taught us better Things :
 Our all is giv'n us from above,
 From thee Salvation springs.

6 Freely

6 Freely thy Love delights to save,
And ransom without Price,
But only that which Jesus gave,
Our Bleeding Sacrifice.

7 We own the sole-procuring Cause,
That precious Blood divine;
And since our Jesus dy'd for us,
May we live ever thine!

H Y M N CXXIV.

CHRIST a sure Guide.

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim, thro' this barren Land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand,
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

2 Open now the chrystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar,
Lead me all my Journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield:

3 When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fear subside:
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side,
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever give to thee.

4 Musing

- 4 Musing on my Habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly Home,
 Fill my Soul with holy Longing ;
 Come, my JESUS, quickly come ;
 Vanity is all I see,
 LORD ! I long to be with thee

H Y M N CXXV.

Stability of the Covenant.

- 1 FIRM as the Earth thy Cov'nant stands,
 My LORD, my Hope, my Trust :
 If I am found in JESUS' Hands,
 My Soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His Honour is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his Sheep ;
 All that his heav'nly Father gave
 His Hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor Death, nor Hell shall e'er remove,
 His Fav'rites from his Breast ;
 In the dear Bosom of his Love
 They must forever rest.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Electing Grace : or Saints below'd in CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's Name ;
 Thy God and ours are both the same :
 What heav'nly Blessings from his Throne,
 Flow down to Sinners thro' his SON !

2 CHRIST

- 2 CHRIST be my first Elect, he said,
Then chose our Souls in CHRIST our Head,
Before he gave the Mountains birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from Death and Sin ;
Our Characters were then decreed,
Blameless in Love, a holy Seed,
- 4 Predestinated to be Sons,
Born by Degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated Race,
To praise the Glory of his Grace.
- 5 With CHRIST our LORD we share our Parts
In the Affections of his Heart,
Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his First-belov'd.

H Y M N CXXVII.

He has done all Things well. Mark vii. 27.

- 1 NOW in a Song of grateful Praise
To my dear LORD my Voice I'll raise,
With all his Saints I'll join to tell,
My JESUS has done all Things well.
- 2 All Worlds his glorious Pow'r confess,
His Wisdom all his Works express :
But O his Love ! what Tongue can tell !
My JESUS has done all Things well.

3 How

- 3 How sov'reign, wonderful and free,
Has been his Love to sinful Me !
This pluck'd me from the Jaws of Hell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.
- 4 I spurn'd his Grace, I broke his Laws;
And yet he undertook my Cause,
To save me tho' I did rebell;
My Jesus has done all Things well.
- 5 And since my Soul has known his Love,
What Mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which do all Praise excell;
My Jesus has done all Things well.
- 6 Whene'er my SAVIOUR and my GOD,
Has on me laid his gentle Rod;
I know in all that has befell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.
- 7 Tho' many a fiery flaming Dart
The Tempter levels at my Heart;
With this I all his Rage repell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.
- 8 Sometimes my LORD his Face does hide
To make me pray, or kill my Pride;
Yet then it on my Mind does dwell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.
- 9 Soon shall I pass the vail of Death
And in his Arms shall close my Breath;
Yet then my happy Soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all Things well.

- 30 And when to that bright World I rise,
And join the Anthems of the Skies;
Above the rest this Note shall swell,
My JESUS has done all Things well!

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Look again. II. ii. 4.

- 1 **S**EE a poor Sinner, dearest LORD,
Whose Soul encourag'd by thy Word,
At Mercy's Footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.
- 2 How oft deceiv'd by Self and Pride,
Has my poor Heart been turn'd aside,
And Jonah-like has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.
- 3 Ah! bring a wretched Wanderer home,
And to thy Footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my Grief and Pain,
And wait and look, and look again.
- 4 Take Courage then, my trembling Soul,
One Look from CHRIST will make thee whole,
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait and look, and look again.
- 5 Do Satan's Darts thy Soul molest?
Does dark Desertion fill thy Breast?
Art thou almost with Sorrows slain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.

- 6 Do Fear and Doubts thy Soul annoy;
And thund'ring Tempests drown thy Joy?
And canst thou not one Smile obtain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.
- 7 Look to the LORD, his Word, his Throne;
Look to his Grace, and not our own:
There wait and look, and look again:
You shall not wait, nor look in vain.
- 8 Ere long that happy Day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful Home:
And when to Glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

H Y M N CXXIX.

D I S M I S S I O N.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy Blessing:
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace,
Let us each thy Love, possessing,
Triumph in Redeeming Grace.
O refresh us, O refresh us, O &c.
Trav'ling thro' this Wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and Adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful Sound;
May the Fruits of thy Salvation,
In our Hearts and Lives be found,
May thy Presence, &c.
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the Signal's given,
Us from Earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,
Glad the Summons to obey.
May we ever, &c.
Reign with CHRIST in endless Day,

H Y M N CXXX.

2 Peter, i. 1.

1 JESUS, my Hope, while here below,
My All in Life and Death,
Thou only canst on me bestow
The Gift of precious Faith.

2 All that I need thou hast to give,
For so thy Promise faith,
Then grant me, LORD, on thee to live
A Life of precious Faith.

3 Tho' Fears, and Snares, by Day and Night
Still wait around my Path ;
LORD, give me Skill and Strength to fight
The Fight of precious Faith.

4 In all the Storms I meet with here,
From Men and Devils Wrath
Still help me, LORD, to persevere,
And walk by precious Faith.

5 Help me to know and love thy Word,
And live upon thy Truth ;
And let each precious Promise, LORD,
Be mine by precious Faith.

- 6 Nor shall I be by Thee forgot,
When I yield up my Breath;
Then shall it be my happy Lot,
To die in precious Faith.
- 7 And when in Glory I appear,
Triumphant over Death;
Then shall I, LORD, for ever there
Bless thee for precious Faith.

H Y M N CXXXI.

Matt. xiv. 31.

- 1 **T**HUS the REDEEMER kindly saith,
When Fears are round about,
Thou trembling Soul of little Faith,
O wherefore dost thou doubt?
- 2 What! tho' the fiery raging Storm
Attends thy Path throughout,
He thy Deliv'rance will perform;
Then wherefore dost thou doubt?
- 3 Tho' thou'rt amidst the swelling Waves,
Within and from without,
Yield not to Fear,—'tis JESUS saves;
Then wherefore dost thou doubt?
- 4 Tho' thou art sinking in the Seas,
See his kind Hand stretch'd out
To save thee, and the Storm appease;
Then wherefore dost thou doubt?

Him thy Deliv'rer thou shalt prove,
 Nor will he cast thee out ;
 Then plead his Pow'r, and trust his Love,
 And never, never doubt.

His Purposes of sov'reign Grace
 To thee he'll bring about ;
 And thou in Heav'n shalt see his Face ;
 Then never, never doubt.

There thou on Glory's blissful Shore,
 Triumphantly shalt shout ;
 And his unchanging Love adore,
 And never more shalt doubt.

H Y M N CXXXII.

Zech. iii. 2.

OF JESUS I sing, who reigneth above,
 And to him I bring this Tribute of Love ;
 For O I desire his Love to commend,
 Who me from the Fire pluck'd out as a Brand.

He saw the Disgrace and Shame I lay in,
 Yet Mercy took place, and pardon'd my Sin ;
 Sure I must admire the wonderful Hand,
 Which me from the Fire pluck'd out as a Brand.

Polluted and black with horrible Guilt,
 Yet he for my Sake his precious Blood spilt ;
 My Soul now aspire to praise the dear Friend,
 Who thee from the Fire pluck'd out as a Brand.

1 2

4 Oh

- 4 Oh ! what hath he done my Soul to set free,
Of Sinners not one more favour'd than me;
Well may he require my Heart and my Hand,
Who me from the Fire pluck'd out as a Brand.
- 5 Still, LORD, let me live thy Mercy to prove,
And still to me give Supplies from above;
To thee my Desire shall daily ascend,
Who me from the Fire pluck'd out as a Brand.
- 6 The Time will soon come when I shall appear
In Heaven my home, and worship thee there
In glorious Attire before thee to stand,
Who me from the Fire pluck'd out as a brand.

H Y M N CXXXI.

Lovest thou Me ? John xxi. 16.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the LORD, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a SAVIOUR's love ?

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- 4 When I turn my Eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief, and Sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Chuse the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the LORD?
- 8 LORD, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more.
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

O H! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;

- A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast:
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the LAMB.

H Y M N CXXXV.

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!

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Yet who that knows the worth of Pray'r,
But wishes to be often there ?

Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry Blessing from above.

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Christian's Armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees ;

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
'That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Have you no words, ah ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your chearful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Power of Prayer.

1 **I**N themselves, as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms,
Press them close on ev'ry hand ?

I 4

2 Weak

- 2 Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace ;
And the God who answers pray'r
Helps them when they seek his face.
- 3 Tho' the LORD awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain ;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.
- 4 Wrestling pray'r can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits ;
Pray'r can force a passage thro'
Iron bars and brazen gates.
- 5 Hezekiah on his knees
Proud Assyria's host subdu'd ;
And when smitten with disease,
Had his life-by prayer renew'd.
- 6 Peter tho' copfin'd and chain'd,
Pray'r prevail'd and brought him out ;
When Elijah pray'd, it rain'd,
After three long years of drought.
- 7 We can likewise witness bear,
That the LORD, is still the same ;
Tho' ve fear'd he would not hear,
Suddenly deliverance came.
- 8 For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praises give ;
And by sweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXVII.

Tribulation.

1 **T**HE Souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure;
That Tribulation more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wife Decree:
Satan the weakest Saint will tempt;
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The World opposes from without;
And Unbelief within.
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;
And feel the Load of Sin.

4 Glad Frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!
'Till sad Desertion makes us droop;
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand Baits the Foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring Heart;
And seldom do we see the Snares,
Before we feel the Smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow Path;
Look to the LORD with stedfast Eyes;
And fight with Hell by Faith.

- 7 Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is strong,
His Promises are true :
We shall be Conqu'rors all e'er long,
And more than Conqu'rors too.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

Whom resist, stedfast in the Faith. 1 Pet. v. 9.

- 1 **I**N all our worst Afflictions,
When furious Foes surround us ;
When Troubles vex,
And Fears perplex,
And Satan would confound us :
When Foes to God and Goodness,
We find ourselves by feeling,
To do what's right,
Unable quite,
And almost as unwilling ;

- 2 When, like the restless Ocean,
Our Hearts cast up uncleanness,
Flood after Flood,
With Mire and Mud ;
And all is foul within us ;
When Love is cold and languid,
And different Passions shake us ;
When Hope decays ;
And God delays,
And seems to quite forsake us ;

3 Then

- 3 Then to maintain the Battle
 With Soldier-like Behaviour,
 To keep the Field,
 And never yield,
 But firmly eye the SAVIOUR ;
 To trust his gracious Promise,
 Thus hard beset with Evil ;
 This, this is Faith
 Will conquer Death,
 And overcome the Devil.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

*And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly
 forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.*

- 1 **M**ERCY is welcome News indeed,
 To those who guilty stand.
 Wretches, that feel what Help they need,
 Will bless the helping Hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his Alms dispose,
 Must give them to the Poor,
 None but the wounded Patient knows
 The Comforts of his Cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God ;
 Exception none can boast ;
 But he who feels the heaviest Load,
 Will prize Forgiveness most.
- 4 No Reck'ning can we rightly keep,
 For who the Sums can know ?

Some

Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep;
And Some five hundred owe.

5 But let our Debts be what they may;
However great, or small;
As soon as we have Nought to pay,
Our LORD forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect Poverty alone,
That sets the Soul at large:
While we can call one Mite our own,
We have no full Discharge.

H Y M N CXL.

JESUS oft times resorted thither, with his Disciples,
John xviii 2.

1 **J**ESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine Historians say,
To a Place would often go;
Near to Kedron's Brook it lay;
In this Place he lov'd to be;
And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.

2 Thither, by their Master brought,
His Disciples likewise came;
There the heav'nly Truths he taught,
Often set their Hearts on Flame.
Therefore, they, as well as He
Visited *Gethsemane*.

3 Here they oft conversing sat ;
 Or might join with CHRIST in Pray'r ;
 Oh, what blest Devotion that,
 When the LORD himself is there !
 All things to them seem'd t'agree
 To endear *Gethsemane*.

4 Oh, what Wonders Love has done !
 But how little understood !
 GOD well knows, and GOD alone,
 What produc'd that sweat of Blood.
 Who can thy deep Wonders see,
 Wonderful *Gethsemane*.

5 There my GOD bore all my Guilt ;
 This thro' Grace can be believ'd :
 But the Horrors which he felt,
 Are too vast to be conceiv'd.
 None can penetrate thro' Thee,
 Dolefull, dark, *Gethsemane* !

6 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
 (If there's one so vile as I,)
 Leave more righteous Souls to boast :
 Leave them and to Refuge fly.
 We may well bless that Decree,
 Which ordain'd *Gethsemane*.

7 We can hope no healing Hand,
 Leprous quite throughout with Sin,
 Loath'd Incurables we stand,
 Crying out: unclean, unclean.
 Help there's none for such as We,
 But in dear *Gethsemane*.

3 True :

- 8 True ; I cant deserve to share
 In a Favour so divine,
 But, since Sin first fix'd thee there,
 None have greate Sins than mine ;
 And to this my woeful Plea
 Witness thou, *Gethsemane*.
- 9 Sins against a holy God ;
 Sins against his righteous Laws ;
 Sins against his Love, his Blood ;
 Sins against his Name and Cause ;
 Sins immense as is the Sea—
 Hide me, O *Gethsemane*.
- 10 Here's my Claim, and here alone ;
 None a SAVIOUR more can need,
 Deeds of Righteousness I've none :
 No, not one good Work to plead.
 Not a Glimpse of Hope for Me ;
 Only in *Gethsemane*.
- 11 SAVIOUR, all the Stone remove
 From my flinty frozen Heart.
 Thaw it with the Beams of Love :
 Pierce it with a Blood-dipt Dart.
 Wound the Heart, that wounded Thee ;
 Melt it in *Gethsemane*.
- 12 FATHER, SON, and HOLY-GHOST,
 One Almighty God of Love,
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly Host,
 In thy shining Courts above.
 We poor Sinners, gracious THREE,
 Bless thee for *Gethsemane*.

HYMN

H Y M N CXLII.

And the LORD shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

1 **W**HEN Noah, with his favour'd Few
Was order'd to embark,
Eight human Souls, a little Crew,
Enter'd on board the Ark.

2 Tho' ev'ry Part he might secure,
With Bar, or Bolt, or Pin ;
To make the Preservation sure
JEHOVAH shut him in.

3 The Waters then might swell their Tides,
The Billows rage and roar ;
They could not stave th' assaulted Sides,
Nor burst the batter'd Door.

4 So Souls, that into CHRIST believe,
Quicken'd by vital Faith,
Eternal Life at once receive,
And never shall see Death.

5 In his own Heart the Christian puts
No Trust ; but builds his Hopes
On Him that opes, and no Man shuts ;
And shuts, and no Man opes.

6 In CHRIST, his Ark, he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by Death nor Sin :
How is it he so fast abides ?
The LORD has shut him in.

HYMN

H Y M N / CXLII.

Free Grace.

1 **Y**E Children of God,
 By Faith in his SON,
 Redeem'd by his Blood,
 And with him made one,
 This Union with Wonder
 And Rapture be seen ;
 Which nothing shall sunder
 Without or within.

2 This Pardon, this Peace
 Which none can destroy,
 This Treasure of Grace,
 This heavenly Joy,
 The Worthless may crave it,
 It always comes free ;
 The vilest may have it,
 'Twas given to Me,

3 'Tis not for good Deeds,
 Good Tempers, nor Frames ;
 From Grace it proceeds,
 And all is the LAMB'S.
 No Goodness, no Fitness
 Expects he from Us ;
 This I can well witness ;
 For none could be worse.

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- 4 Sick Sinner, expect
 No Balm but CHRIST's Blood :
 Thy own Works reject,
 The Bad, and the Good.
 None ever miscarry
 That on him rely,
 Tho' filthy as Mary,
 Manasseh, or I.

H Y M N CXLIH.

*Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be
 comforted. Matt. v. 4.*

- CHRIST is the Friend of Sinners :
 Be that forgotten never,
 A wounded Soul,
 And not a whole,
 Becomes a true Believer.
 To see Sin, smarts but slightly ;
 To own with Lip-confession,
 Is easier still ;
 But oh ! to feel,
 Cuts deep beyond Expression.

Trust not to joyous Fancies,
 Light Hearts, or smooth Behaviour ;
 Sinners can say
 (And none but they)
 " Precious is the SAVIOUR !"
 Then hail, ye happy Mourners,
 How blest your State to come is !

Ye soon will meet
With Comfort sweet ;
It is the LORD's own Promise.

- 3 The contrite Heart and broken
God will not give to Ruin.
This Sacrifice
He'll not despise ;
For 'tis his SPIRIT'S Doing.
Then hail, ye happy Mourners :
Who pass thro' Tribulation,
Sin's Filth and Guilt,
Perceiv'd and felt,
Make known GOD's great Salvation.

- 4 Dry Doctrine cannot save us,
Blind Zeal, or false Devotion :
The feeblest Pray'r,
If Faith be there,
Exceeds all empty Notion:
Then hail, ye happy Mourners ;
Ye will at last be Winners :
By Jesu's Blood,
The Righteous God
Is reconcil'd to Sinners,

H Y M N CXLIV.

Let GOD be true, and every Man a L
Rom. iii. 4.

- 1 **T**HE God I trust,
Is true and just ;
His mercy hath no End,

Himself hath said,
My Ransom's paid :
And I on him depend.

2 Then why so sad,
My Soul? Though bad,
Thou hast a Friend that's good.
He bought thee dear :
(Abandon Fear)
He bought thee with his Blood.

3 So rich a Cost
Can ne'er be lost,
Though Faith be tried by Fire,
Keep CHRIST in View :
Let God be true,
And ev'ry Man a Liar.

H Y M N CXLV.

Before Sermon.

1 **T**HE good Hand of God
Has brought us again
(A Favour bestow'd,
We hope, not in vain)
To hear from our SAVIOUR
The Word of his Grace,
Then be our Behaviour
Becoming the Place.

2 Remember the Ends
For which we are met.

K 2

Alas !

Alas ! my dear Friends,
We're apt to forget.
The Motive that brought us
The LORD only sees :
But if He has taught us,
Our Ends should be these.

3 To worship the LORD
With Praise and with Pray'r,
To practise his Word,
As well as to hear.
To own with Contrition
The Deeds we have done ;
And take the Remission,
God gives in his Son.

4 Blest Spirit of Christ,
Descend on us thus,
Thy Servant assist ;
Teach Him to teach Us.
O send us thy Unction,
To teach us all good ;
And touch with Compunction ;
And sprinkle with Blood.

H Y M N CXLVI.

Heaven.

1 **Y**E Souls that trust in Christ, rejoice:
Your Sins are all forgiv'n
Let ev'ry Christian lift his Voice,
And sing the Joys of Heav'n.

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- 2 Heav'n is that holy happy Place,
Where Sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils his blisful Face;
And looks, and loves, and smiles.
- 3 Where Jesus, Son of Man and God,
Triumphant from his Wars,
Walks in rich Garments dipt in Blood;
And shews his glorious Scars.
- 4 Where ransom'd Sinners sound God's Praise,
Th' angelic Hosts among;
Sing the rich Wonders of his Grace:
And Jesus leads the Song.
- 5 Where Saints are free from ev'ry Load
Of Passions or of Pains,
God dwells in Them; and they in God:
And Love for ever reigns.
- 6 Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
Nor can the Heart conceive,
All that the Blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.
- Lord as thou shew'st thy Glory there,
Make known thy Grace to Us:
And Heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.
- Jesus, our dear Redeemer, died,
That we might be forgiv'n;
Rose, that we might be Justified;
And sends the Spir't from Heav'n.

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H Y M N CXLVII.

The Stony Heart.

- 1 **O**H! for a Glance of Heav'nly Day,
To take this stubborn Stone away;
And thaw with Beams of Love divine
This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine.
- 2 The Rocks can rend, the Earth can quake;
The Seas can roar; the Mountains shake;
Of feeling all Things shew some Sign,
But this unfeeling Heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear LORD, an Adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving Line,
And nothing move this Heart of mine.
- 4 Thy Judgments too, unmov'd, I hear,
(Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear,
Goodness and Wrath, in vain combine,
To stir this stupid Heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the Deed:
And that dear Something much I need.
Thy Spirit can from Dross refine,
And move and melt this Heart of mine.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

At recommending a Minister.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, inspire our Praise;
Touch our Hearts, and tune our Tongues

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While we laud the Name of **JESUS**,
 Heav'n will gladly share our Songs.
 Hosts of **Angels** bright and glorious,
 While we hymn our common **King**,
 Will be proud to join in Chorus :
 And the **LORD** himself shall sing.

2. Raise we then our chearful Voices
 To our **GOD** ; who, full of Grace,
 In our Happiness rejoices,
 And delights to hear us praise,
 Whoso lives upon his Promise,
 Eats his **Flesh** and drinks his **Blood** :
 All that's past, and all to come, is
 For that **Soul's** eternal Good.

3. Happy **Soul** ! that hears and follows
JESUS speaking in his Word.
Paul, and *Cephas*, and *Apollos*,
 All are his in **Christ** the **Lord**.
 Ev'ry State, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be Profit in the End ;
 Ev'ry Ordinance a Blessing ;
 Ev'ry Providence a Friend.

4. Christian, dost thou want a Teacher,
 Helper, Counsellor, or Guide ?
 Wouldst thou find a proper Preacher ?
 Ask thy **GOD** ; and he'll provide.
 Built on no **Man's** Parts or Merit,
 But behold the **Gospel-Plan**,
 Jesus sends his **Holy Spirit**,
 And the **Spirit** sends the **Man**.

- 5 Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring Servant ;
Bless the Work they undertake;
Make them able, faithful, fervent :
Bless them for thy Church's Sake.
All Things for our Good are given,
Comforts, Crosses, Staffs, or Rods :
All is ours in Earth and Heaven :
We are Christ's ; and Christ is God's.

H Y M N CXLIX.

Before Sermon.

- 1 **B**LESS Lord our coming to this Place,
Let all thy Presence feel,
Enrich'd with an Increase of Grace,
Salvation to us Seal.
- 2 So shall we then in Union Sing,
Good is it to attend
On Means—for here the Lord is King,
Distress finds here a Friend.

H Y M N CL.

An Invitation.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown ;
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate.
And force thy passage to the flames ?

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of Love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling yet, yet untold.
- 4 Jesus thy Saviour and thy God,
Becomes a man of grief for thee;
For thee he sheds his sacred blood,
And hangs a curse upon the tree.
- 5 Ah! think upon his Matchless Love,
As bearing all this Pain and Woe,
That thou might Peace and Pardon prove,
And all the Joys of Heaven know.
- 6 Say sinner on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of Love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling yet untold.

H Y M N C L I.

Affliction.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load:
All plaintive I pour out my Song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead us to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I:

Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice ;

Thy presence is fair to behold :

I thirst for thy Spirit with cries,

And groanings that cannot be told

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,

My hold of thy promise to keep,

The billows more fiercely return,

And plunge me again in the deep :

While harass'd, and cast from thy fight,

The tempter suggest, with a roar,

" The Lord hath forsaken thee quite ;

" Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yea, Lord, if thy love hath design'd

No covenant Blessing for me,

Ah, tell me, how is it I find

Some sweetness in waiting for Thee ?

Almighty to rescue Thou art ;

Thy grace is my only resource ;

If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,

Thy Spirit must take it by force.

H Y M N CLII.

Joy in Sorrow.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,

: And let it faint, or die ;

My Soul shall quit the mournful vale,

And soar to worlds on high :

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,

And find its long-sought rest

(That

(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.

- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
- 4 I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deiv'rer come,
And wipe away his Servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 5 O what hath Jesus bought for me ?
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise :
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are rob'd in radiant white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 7 Lord, what are all my suff'rings here,
If Thou but make me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
And worship at thy feet !
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal Day !

Hymns for the private use of the
Church.

H Y M N CLIII.

Holy-Days.

- 1 **S**OME Christians to the Lord regard a Day,
And others to the Lord regard it not.
Now tho' they seem to chuse a diff'rent Way;
Yet both, at last, to one same Point are brought,
- 2 He that regards the Day will reason thus,
" This glorious Day our Saviour and our King
" Perform'd some mighty Act of Love for Us :
" Observe the Time in Mem'ry of the Thing."
- 3 Thus he to Jesus points his kind Intent ;
And offers Pray'rs and Praises in his Name.
As to the Lord alone his Love is meant,
The Lord accepts it. And who dares to blame?
- 4 For tho' the Shell indeed is not-the Meat ;
'Tis not rejected when the Meat's within.
Tho' Superstition is a vain conceit ;
Commemoration surely is no Sin.
- 5 He also, that to Days has no Regard,
The Shadows only for the Substance quits ;
Towards the Saviour's Presence presses hard ;
And outward Things thro' Eagerness omits

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- 6 For warmly to himself he thus reflects,
“ My Lord alone I count my chiefest Good.
“ All empty Forms my craving Soul rejects ;
“ And seeks the solid Riches of his Blood.
- 7 “ All Days and Times I place my sole Delight
“ In Him, the only object of my Care,
“ External Shews for his dear Sake I slight :
“ Lest ought but Jesus my respect should share.”
- 8 Let not th’ Observer therefore entertain
Against his Brother any secret Grudge :
Nor let the Non-Observer call him vain :
But use his Freedom, and forbear to judge.
- 9 Thus both may bring their Motives to the Test,
Our condescending Lord will both approve ;
Let each pursue the Way that likes him best.
He cannot walk amiss, that walks in Love.

H Y M N CLIV.

Pride.

- 1 **I**Nnumerable Foes
Attack the Child of God :
He feels within the Weight of Sin,
A grievous galling Load.
- 2 Temptations too without,
Of various Kinds, assault,
Sly Snares beset his trav’ling Feet,
And make him often halt.
- 3 From

- 3 From Sinner, and from Saint,
He meets with many a Blow :
His own bad Heart creates him Smarr,
Which only God can know.
- 4 But tho' the Host of Hell
Be neither weak nor small ;
One mighty Foe deals dang'rous Woe,
And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'Tis Pride, accursed Pride,
That Spirit by God abhor'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous Breath,
And bloats the Soul with Air ;
The Heart up-lifts with God's own Gifts,
And makes ev'n Grace a Snare.
- 7 Awake—nay while we sleep ;
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its holds we cannot break.
- 8 In other Ills we find
The Hand of Heav'n not slack :
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our Comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd :
When not perceiv'd, 'Tis worse :
Unseen or seen it dwells within ;
And works by Fraud or Force,
- 10 Against

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- 10 Against it's Influence pray,
It mingles with the Pray'r;
Against it Preach, it prompts the Speech;
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This Moment, while I write,
I feel it's Pow'r within;
My Heart it draws to seek Applause,
And mixes all with Sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty Tyrant kill;
That wounded Thee, tho' Thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our Pride, whate'er betide;
And lay and keep us low.
- 14 Thy Garden is the Place,
Where Pride cannot intrude:
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in Blood.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

*Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with
Goods. Rev. iii 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT makes mistaken Men afraid
Of so'reign Grace to preach?
The Reason is (if Truth be said)
Because they are so Rich.

2 Why

- 2 Why so offensive to their Eyes
Doth God's Election seem?
Because they think themselves so wise,
That they have chosen Him.
- 3 Of Perseverance why so loth
Are some to speak or hear?
Because, as Masters over Sloth,
They vow to persevere.
- 4 Whence is imputed Righteousness,
A Point so little known?
Because Men think, they all possess
Some Righteousness their own.
- 5 Not so the needy helpless Soul
Prefers his humble Pray'r,
He looks to him that works the whole;
And seeks his Treasure there.
- 6 His Language is; "Let me, my God,
"On sovereign Grace rely;
"And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
"On one so vile as I.
- 7 "Election! 'Tis a Word divine;
"For, Lord, I plainly see,
"Had not thy Choice prevented mine,
"I ne'er had chosen Thee.
- 8 "For Perseverance Strength I've none:
"But would on this depend;
"That Jesus having lov'd his own,
"He lov'd them to the End.

- 9 " Empty and bare, I come to Thee,
 " For Righteousness divine,
 " O may thy matchless Merits be,
 " By Imputation, mine!"
- 10 Thus differ these; yet hoping each
 To make Salvation sure;
 Now most Men would approve the Rich,
 But Christ has blest the Poor.

H Y M N CLVI.

Death.

- 1 **Y**E bold blaspheming Souls,
 Whose Conscience nothing scares;
 Ye carnal, cold, professing Fools,
 Whose State's as bad as Theirs;
- 2 Ye strong deluded Lights,
 Whose Faith's too stout to pray;
 And ye, whom proud Perfection cheats,
 As free from Sin as They;
- 3 The awful Change, not far,
 Dissolves each golden Dream:
 Death will distinguish what you are,
 From what you only seem.
- 4 Repent, or you're undone,
 And pray to God with Speed;
 Perhaps the Truth may yet be known,
 And make you free indeed.

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- 5 The Hour of Death draws nigh,
 'Tis Time to drop the Mask;
 Fall at the Feet of Christ, and cry;
 He gives to all that ask.
- 6 Good Shepherd of the Sheep,
 Abolisher of Death,
 O give us all Repentance deep,
 And purifying Faith.

H Y M N CLVII.

The Relative Duties.

CHRISTIANS, in your several Stations,
 Dutiful to all Relations,
 Give to each his proper Due:
 Let not their unkind Behaviour
 Make you disobey your Saviour:
 His Command's the Rule for You.

- 2 Parents, be to Children tender,
 Children, full Obedience render
 To your Parents in the Lord;
 Never slight, nor disrespect them,
 Nor thro' Pride, when old reject them;
 'Tis the Precept of the Word.

- 3 Wives to Husbands yield Subjection:
 Husbands, with a kind Affection,
 Cherish, as yourselves, your Wives,
 Masters, rule with Moderation,
 Sway'd by Justice, not by Passion:
 To the Scriptures square your Lives.

4 Servants, serve your Masters truly,
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
 To the good—Nor to the bad;
 Not refusing what you're bidden,
 Nor replying when you're chidden:
 'Tis the Ordinance of God.

5 This shall solve th' important Question,
Whether thou'rt a real Christian,
 Better than each golden Dream;
 Better far than Lip Expression,
 Tow'ring Notions, great Profession,
 This shall shew your Love to him.

H Y M N CLVIII.

The Scriptures.

1 **S**AY, Christian, wouldst thou thrive
 In Knowledge of thy Lord?
 Against no Scripture ever strive,
 But tremble at his Word.

2 Revere the sacred Page.
 To injure any Part
 Betrays, with blind and feeble Rage,
 A hard and haughty Heart.

3 If aught there dark appear,
 Bewail thy Want of Sight;
 No Imperfection can be there:
 For all God's Words are right.

4 The Scriptures and the Lord
 Bear one tremendous Name;

The written, and th' Incarnate Word
In all Things are the same.

5 For Jesus is the Truth,
As well as Life and Way:
The two-edged Sword that's in his Mouth,
Shall all proud Reas'ners slay.

6 Why dost thou call him, Lord,
And what he says resist?
The Soul that stumbles at the Word,
Offended is at Christ.

7 The thoughts of Men are Lies,
The Word of God is true,
To bow to That is to be wise:
Then hear, and fear, and do.

H Y M N CLIX.

Saturday Night.

1 **B**E Gone, my worldly Cares, away!
Nor dare to tempt my Sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing Day
Before I end this Night.

2 Yes, let the Work of Pray'r and Praise
Employ my Heart and Tongue;
Begin my Soul!—Thy Sabbath Days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past Mercies of the Week,
Excite a grateful Frame:

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Nor let my Tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesu's Name.

- 4 Jesus! How pleasing is the Sound!
How worthy of my Love!
Why is my Heart so lifeless found?
Why plac'd no more above?
- 5 Forgive my Dullness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my Pow'rs;
Prepare me to attend thy Word,
To improve the sacred Hours.
- 6 On Wings of Expectation borne,
My hopes to Heav'n ascend:
I long to welcome in the Morn,
With Thee the Day to spend.

H Y M N CLX.

Lord's-Day Morning,

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Heart! my Soul arise!
This is the Day Believers prize:
Improve this Sabbath then with Care:
Another may not be thy Share.
- 2 O solemn Thought!—Lord! give me Pow'r
Wisely to fill up ev'ry Hour:
O for the Wings of Faith and Love
To bear my Heart and Soul above.
- 3 Jesus assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the Veil;

To glorify thy matchless Grace,
To see the Beauties of thy Face.

- 4 Go with me to thy House To day,
And tune my Heart to praise and pray;
Like Dew command thy Word to fall,
Refreshing, quick'ning, saving All.
- 5 Call forth my Thoughts, and let them rove,
O'er the green Pastures of thy Love;
O let not Sin prevent my Rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's Breast.
- 6 Give to thy Church a large Increase,
Send her Prosperity and Peace;
May all the Saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy Day!

H Y M N CLXI.

Lord's-Day Evening.

- 1 **L**ET me adore His boundless Grace,
His Condescension and his Love:
Which taught my Soul to seek His Face,
And drew my Heart to things above.
- 2 Fain would I sing and praise the Lord,
Oft has He bless'd me in his House;
Fain would I live upon his Word,
And keep my oft-repeated Vows.
- 3 Yet would I mourn with conscious Shame,
What Sin my holiest Duties stain:

My best Performances are lame,
And all without th' Atonement vain.

4 Christ's Righteousness alone I plead,
And cast my Offerings at thy Feet;
His Merits must for me succeed,
Thro' Him Acceptance I shall meet.

5 Thanks to his Name, his cov'nant Love
Remains unalterably strong:
I shall his great Salvation prove,
He is my Light, my Life, my Song.

6 My Heart is now his blest abode
I love his Ways, his Name revere;
Soon shall I mount the Hill of God,
To spend an endless Sabbath there.

H Y M N CLXII.

*In every Thing give Thanks, for this is the Will
of God. 1 Thess. v. 18.*

1 **I** Think my Table richly spread,
And bless the Lord for wholesome Bread,
While nothing more appears;
With this I am not left to starve,
This is far more than I deserve,
And better than my Fears.

2 I fear'd lest Discontent should turn,
And cause my Appetite to spurn
Against a Meal so dry;

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But

But sanctified by Pray'r, 'tis sweet,
More so than all the fav'ry Meat,
That dainty Sinners buy.

3 My God ! how infinitely kind
Art thou, to reconcile my Mind
To all thy sov'reign Will !
Content with Nothing I shall be,
If I may but converse with Thee,
And have Thy Presence still.

4 No one shall hear my Tongue complain,
If Thou my Spirit wilt sustain,
And fill my Soul with Peace ;
My Gratitude shall still ascend,
I'll love and praise Thee to the End,
Till all my Wants shall cease.

5 Humbly for those I'd intercede,
Who suffer Poverty and Need,
Without Contentment given ;
O teach them by their Wants to pray,
And then do Thou Thy Pow'r display,
And send them Bread from Heav'n.

6 In earnest I would bear in Mind,
The Poor, the Sick, the long confin'd,
With such I sympathize ;
To such I feel Compassion move,
To such I would appear in Love,
And wipe their weeping Eyes.

7 O may their Sorrows sweetly lead,
Their hungry, fainting Souls, to feed,
On Christ the living Bread ;

So shall they patiently endure,
And find their Happiness secure
In Him their living Head.

8 Come, O ye helpless and distressed,
Lean on a Saviour's loving Breast,
In Him there's sweet Repose;
He will support, He will sustain,
He'll bear a Part in ev'ry Pain,
And sanctify your Woes.

9 The Time is short, you soon shall rise,
And bid farewell to weeping Eyes,
And reach the heav'nly shore;
O pleasing Thought! My Soul, prepare
To meet thy Fellow-sufferers there,
And aid them to adore.

10 There shall our now complaining Souls,
Drink of those overflowing Bowls
Of God's unchanging Love;
There Jesus, our exalted Head,
Shall feed us with delicious Bread,
And all our Wants remove.

H Y M N CLXIII.

Renouncing the Word.

1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly Toys,
Of sinful Mirth and carnal Joys,
The Things I lov'd before;
Let me but view my Saviour's Face,
And feel his animating Grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell

- 2 Tell me no more of Praise and Wealth,
 Tell me no more of Ease and Health,
 For these have all their Snares;
 Let me but know my Sins forgiven,
 But see my Name enroll'd in Heaven,
 And I am free from Cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty Tow'rs,
 Delightful Gardens, fragrant Bow'rs,
 For these are trifling Things;
 The little Room for me design'd,
 Will suit as well my easy Mind,
 As Palaces of Kings.
- 5 Tell me no more of crowding Guests,
 Of sumptuous Feasts and gaudy Dress,
 Extravagance and Waste;
 My little Table, only spread
 With wholesome Herbs and wholesome Bread,
 Will better suit my Taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my Hand,
 A Heart to read and understand,
 And Faith to trust the Lord:
 I'd set alone from Day to Day,
 Or urge no Company to stay,
 Nor wish to rove Abroad.

H Y M N CLXIV.

*Beauty is vain, but a Woman that feareth the
 Lord she shall be praised. Prov. xxxi. 30.*

- 1 **H**OW oft doth Beauty lead to Sin,
 And tempt the Heart to stray;

It charms awhile, then hides again,
And soon it fades away.

2 Not all the Art, and Pains, and Care
Of Man can make it sure;
Nor can the fairest of the Fair
The transient Bliss secure.

3 Sickness and Pain may soon disgrace
The most admired Charms;
Soon must they sleep in Death's Embrace,
And lose their lovely Forms.

4 How vain is Beauty, then, my Muse!
Unworthy of thy Lays;
Turn, and a nobler Subject chuse,
Let Virtue have thy Praise.

5 How wise is She, whose constant Care
Pursues the heav'nly Road;
She shall Jehovah's Favour share,
And every Real Good.

6 She ever shuns the Snares of Vice;
How circumspect her ways!
Wise in Simplicity she is;
Unsought, her gen'ral Praise.

7 If she is call'd to mingle Souls,
How cautious is her Choice;
No vain Pretence her Love controuls,
She scorns the Flatterer's Voice.

8 United, She, illustrious shines,
The tender, prudent Wife;

Humility

Humility her Soul refines,
Grace governs all her Life.

9 What undissembled Love she bears
To him who has her Hand:
How does she soften all his Cares,
And all his Woes attend!

10 Is she a Friend? How kind and true!
Her Charity how pure!
Her Friendship is not like the Dew,
That passes in an Hour.

11 She shall be prais'd when Beauty fails,
And Years and Age encrease;
She shall be blest while Grace prevails,
And end her Days in Peace.

H Y M N CLXV.

*If there arise among you a Prophet, or a Dreamer
of Dreams, &c. Deut. xiii. 1, &c.*

1 **N**O Prophet, nor Dreamer of Dreams,
No Master of plausible Speech,
To live like an Angel who seems,
Or like an Apostle to preach;
No Tempter without or within,
No Spirit, tho' ever so bright,
That comes crying out against Sin,
And looks like an Angel of Light;

2 Tho' Reason, tho' Fitness he urge,
Or plead, with the Words of a Friend,
Or Wonders of Argument forge,
Or deep Revelations pretend,

Should meet with a Moment's Regard,
 But rather be boldly withstood,
 If any Thing, easy or hard,
 He teach, save the Lamb and his Blood.

4 Remember, O Christian, with heed,
 When sunk under Sentence of Death,
 How first thou from Bondage wert freed :
 Say ; was it by Works, or by Faith ?
 On Christ, thy Affections then fixt,
 What Conjugal Truth didst thou vow !
 With him was there any Thing mixt ?
 Then what wouldst thou mix with him now ?

4 If close to thy Lord thou wouldst cleave ;
 Depend on his Promise alone,
 His Righteousness would'st thou receive ?
 Then learn to renounce all thy own.
 The Faith of a Christian indeed
 Is more than mere Notion or Whim :
 United to Jesus, his Head,
 He draws Life and Virtue from Him.

5 Deceiv'd by the Father of Lies,
 Blind Guides cry, *Lo here ! and Lo there !*
 By these our Redeemer us tries,
 And warns us of such to beware.
 Poor Comfort to Mourners they give,
 Who set us to labour in vain ;
 And strive, with a *Do this and live,*
 To drive us to *Egypt* again.

6 But what says our Shepherd divine ?
 (For *his* Blessed Word we should keep)

This

This Flock has my Father made mine :

I lay down my Life for my Sheep.

'Tis Life everlasting I give :

My Blood was the Price that it cost,

Not one, that on Me shall believe;

Shall ever be finally lost.

7 This God is the God we adore,

Our Faithful unchangeable Friend;

Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r;

And neither knows Measure nor End.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last;

Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.

We'll praise him for all that is past,

And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CLXVI.

CHRIST the Sinner's Hiding Place.

1 **H**AIL, matchless Love, that first began
The Scheme to rescue Fallen Man:
Hail, matchless, free, eternal Grace,
That gave my Soul an hiding Place!

2 Against that God who rules the Sky,
I fought with Hands uplifted high,
Despis'd the mention of his Grace,
Too proud to seek an Hiding Place.

3 Enrap't in thick Egyptian Night,
And fond of Darkness more than Light,
Madly I ran the sinful Race,
Secure without an Hiding Place.

Indignant

- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But Justice cry'd with frowning Face,
This Mountain is no Hiding Place.
- 5 At length a heav'nly Voice I heard,
And Mercy's Angel soon appear'd,
She led me on with rapid pace
To Jesus as my Hiding Place.
- 6 Should Storms of sev'n-fold Thunders roll,
And shake this Globe from Pole to Pole,
No flaming Bolt can daunt my Face,
For Jesus is my Hiding Place.
- 7 On him Almighty Vengeance sell,
Which must have sunk a World to Hell,
He bore it for his Chosen Race,
And so became their Hiding Place.
- 8 A few more rolling Suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's Coast,
Where I shall sing the Song of Grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.

H Y M N CLXVII.

CHRIST'S Care for his People.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no
man can save,
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd;
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud

- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot, who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conduct thee, his pow'r thee defends
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.
- 3 O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy He cries ;
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand ;
Thro' tempest of tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain :
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.
- 5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure ;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r ;
In love I correct thee thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.
- 7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless I hear their sad pray'r
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring ;
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing

F I N I S.

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